

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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ADMIRAL MOHAMED PASHA.

ALMOST immediately after our distinguished Turkish guests arrived in this city, they were taken to Gurney's splendid Galleries of Art, where they sat for their pictures, designed to be engraved expressly for this paper. They proceeded to the galleries amid a terrific snow storm, yet hundreds of anxious spectators surrounded the entrance, and finally blocked up the thoroughfare. When the gentlemen who have been so cordially welcomed



MOHAMED PASHA, REAR-ADMIRAL OF THE TURKISH NAVY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GURNEY.

to our shores had been faithfully delineated, and again made their appearance in the streets, they were received by hearty cheers from the excited spectators, who seemed determined to let the Grand Turk and his suite understand what a Yankee shout of welcome—of hearty American greeting really was. Our readers, by referring to page 248, will find full particulars of the history, and movements while in New York, of these distinguished strangers.

CHARLOTTE DE LEYMON;

OR, THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN Mademoiselle Durand looked at Charlotte's face, she was so much struck at the change which that one dreadful night had effected, that she doubted not that something besides fatigue had caused the altered features, red eyes and pale face of the young wife. She feared that some unconnected words of the sick woman had betrayed her secret thoughts, and her anxious eyes followed all the movements of the mother and daughter. But Charlotte, frightened herself at the secret concealed in her heart, could not utter a word, and Madame d'Hauterive was still in that state of oppression which annihilated all her faculties. Thus the old woman might have remained in all her uncertainty, if the Baron de Leymon, entering the room very early in the morning, had not produced upon the young wife an expression of trouble and agitation so extraordinary, that she hesitated no longer in thinking that the poor child had learned a part of that dreadful secret which must produce in her innocent, happy and candid heart, the germ of those violent passions, whose invincible force breaks all bonds, effaces all duties, and which leave upon their passage only disorder, unhappiness and regret.

Leopold was also struck with the change that he remarked upon Charlotte's face; but he expressed no anxiety at it, attributing it solely to a night of watching, not doubting but that a little repose would remove it. He entreated then his young wife to take some rest; and, in spite of the pre-occupation of her mind, overwhelmed as much by fatigue as emotion, she sunk into a long and profound slumber.

Upon awaking, Charlotte was more calm; her natural good sense, her just and delicate mind, made her feel that she must conceal for ever in her heart the secret which chance alone had revealed to her. She arose then with that firm resolution; and, moreover, the timidity of her age, the wrongs that she had herself discovered, which had destroyed her great happiness, the reproaches with which her mother might rightly address her, were so many reasons to make her fear an explanation of the subject. Discretion appeared to her absolutely necessary, and she did not let a single word escape by which it might be suspected that she knew anything.

But Charlotte was only sixteen years old; until then her heart had been open to all that surrounded her; she had had no faults to conceal, no inclinations to dissimulate, no calculations to make to go through a hostile and susceptible world, without wounding it or being attacked by it. She had seen only benevolence—she had known so little of life—dissimulation, where could she have learned it? She believed herself then very mysterious in not telling her secret; but she showed every moment that she had one.

Madame d'Hauterive was found to be much better on awaking; she improved during the day; soon all danger disappeared, and her health returned. Opulence, friendship, love, were there—however, these elements of happiness were useless. Distress, anxiety, jealousy and suspicion pressed with all their weight upon these differently united persons, who could not communicate to each other all their ideas and sensations. In intimacy there can be no possible happiness without entire confidence—the slightest mystery between people who are forced to be together the greater part of the day soon destroys their gaiety and friendship. But when it is not only an action without importance, a passing idea, or an event which is soon forgotten, that it is necessary to conceal—when the mystery is constantly in the thoughts—when each moment brings a suspicion that it is necessary to dissimulate—a sentiment that must not be spoken—an emotion that must be repressed—then life becomes a horrible torment. Yet how many of these situations, of which the world is ignorant, are revealed to the observing eye which penetrates into the interior of families?

Charlotte, pale, sad, confused, indifferent to the general conversation, fixing her large anxious eyes upon her husband, and then upon her mother, seemed absorbed only by her love for both. She would not have quitted, even for the best friend of her childhood, the house where she found herself always next them. After six weeks of her marriage, every one assigned to that paleness, that change of features, a natural cause; they believed her perfectly happy. Arthur alone had divined all, had comprehended all! and he feared also to ask an explanation of Leopold, who felt, however, that his friend was ignorant of nothing. There was sometimes so much compassion in Arthur's looks, that it was impossible for the Baron de Leymon not to read there that his secret was known! But that which he did not know, that which M. de Bréval concealed from him, was that Charlotte was also acquainted with it. Arthur looked at her sometimes without any one remarking it, and he also read the emotions of the poor young wife, whose sufferings he understood.

Leopold had been captivated for an instant by the beauty of Charlotte—moved by her love so ingenuous, so lively and so pure; but he had never conceived the thought of betraying his first attachment. His love for her was a surprise of his heart, which had enchained him without his knowledge. He might perhaps have sacrificed her, if circumstances, by instructing Madame d'Hauterive, had not taken away from him the power of disposing events. He was married because she had said, Love is no longer possible between us; my daughter at least shall be happy! it is enough for one to suffer!

But when he had seen that the suffering was almost severe enough to cause death; when he had known all the generosity of this mother's heart, his heart refused that happiness for which he had sacrificed her, and his love for Charlotte had not given him pleasure enough to efface the image of the tears of her mother. It is necessary to add still, that a few days after the marriage, Charlotte, troubled by the secret which she had discovered, displayed no longer towards Leopold that childish gaiety, that tender ingenuity which was her greatest charm, and which had animated the preceding days. Sad, anxious, suspicious of herself and others, she lost all her means of pleasing by doubting that she possessed any. Madame d'Hauterive had lived ten years in the brilliant, varied and witty world of Paris; a multitude of ideas had embellished her natural mind; her conversation was full of charms, and never gave place to ennui. Leopold was accustomed to that interchange of ideas which the relations of a common society, of events that they had seen together, of souvenirs that the touch of both had cemented; and involuntarily he sought again that intimacy which for several years had constituted his happiness.

Madame d'Hauterive had imposed the obligation upon herself of never recalling the past, of never permitting a reproach to escape. What could she have said, moreover, but would have been too tender or too harsh? What words have been able to express a grief which had nearly killed her? She effaced all remembrance, not from her heart, but from her words. The Baron de Leymon was no longer anything but the husband of her daughter; and in consequence of one of those incredible contradictions of the heart, when Leopold, who had tremblingly expected to hear cruel reproaches or indirect allusions to the past, was convinced that he would never have to submit to them, he suffered himself to think that these remembrances seemed to have no longer any place in the thoughts of her whom he had betrayed. That constant sweetness, that charm of a varied conversation, incessantly attracted him to her. Soon the thousand attentions of every moment seemed to demand thanks for the wrongs that had separated them; and the heart of Madame d'Hauterive, after three months of struggling and suffering, pardoned the man whom she had loved so much.

They were together then most of the time, and Charlotte saw with grief that attraction which brought them together. Jealousy entered into her ardent and passionate soul, which chagrin had never taught constraint. When the eyes of Leopold were fixed upon her

mother, her own were fastened upon them with anxiety, thinking to find in their looks an expression of love. If her mother-enlivened the general conversation by a happy sally, Charlotte envied her that mind which amused Leopold; and discouraged by her inferiority, she displayed an ill temper, to which they could assign no cause, and which rendered her still less amiable. Then the indirect complaints, the reproaches that she bestowed upon the most indifferent details of life, not daring to tell the true subject, saddened the hours that she passed with her husband, and inspired him more and more with the desire to abridge them. Each day she discovered in the most innocent words the symptoms of her abandonment by Leopold, and of his love for another, and that other was her mother! It was she who ought to have been the confidant of her troubles, and whose counsels ought to have directed her actions and her ideas.

This progressive change in Charlotte was not perceived by those who surrounded her. The torments that devoured her heart, the cruel sentiments which destroyed that feeble organization, was not divined, except by Arthur. One day he surprised the young girl at the moment when Leopold and her mother had just gone out together. She had refused to accompany them in order to visit the diorama; and hardly had they departed, when anxiety and regret took possession of her heart. Arthur entered; she did not perceive him; and, through her sobs and tears, he distinguished those words: "Unhappy for ever! No more hope! Sixteen years! Ah! I must die!" Arthur withdrew, respecting this profound grief, and not wishing to force the poor child to blush for her grief, which she tried with so much care to conceal from him. But he intended adroitly to attract Leopold's attention towards the love and the regrets of his wife. Leopold repelled all these allusions with temper; and Arthur, not being able to explain himself clearly, could not succeed in touching that heart which had begun already to close itself to Charlotte.

Soon a fever, almost, gave to all the movements and all the words of the young wife an incoherence and an inequality which rendered their domestic life excessively painful. When questioned as to the cause of this bad humor, "Nothing is the matter with me!" was the answer; abrupt replies, ill-natured and harsh words, welcomed all the tender expressions of her mother, who, seeing her one day enter the room while she was there with Leopold, resolved to reclaim by reasoning the heart of her daughter, or to correct at last the inconceivable caprices which destroyed all their happiness.

"Come, Charlotte," said Madame d'Hauterive; "why are you going to leave us? Help me to embroider these flowers upon this satin when we have chosen the pattern."

"No! I cannot remain."

"Have you any amusement to call you away?"

"No."

"Where are you going?"

"To my room."

"Alone?"

"Alone," said the young wife. And a tear fell from her eyes; she wiped it away furtively, but her mother had seen it. She arose, took her gently by the hand, drew her to the sofa, where she made her sit down by her. Charlotte slightly resisted.

"Why force her to remain, if it is disagreeable to her?" said the Baron de Leymon, in an abrupt and disdainful tone.

The tears of the young wife flowed abundantly; Madame d'Hauterive trembled; an idea which had not presented itself to her before suddenly struck her. Charlotte was unhappy! She dared not look at Leopold; he was not alone culpable.

There was a moment of silence.

"Do not grieve so, Charlotte," replied Madame d'Hauterive, deeply moved. "Leopold, you are a little poor to-day; but you did not think of grieving her." And the poor mother, hoping to terminate here an explanation that she feared now to continue, drew the hand of her son-in-law towards that of her daughter. The latter quickly recoiled.

"My dear child, you must be more gentle! Life is composed of little concessions made to the dispositions of each other! The people who love you—"

"The people who love me!" said Charlotte, bitterly; "but where are the people who love me?"

"Ah!" cried Madame d'Hauterive, "I understand, your heart is wounded, my poor child; and we wish here to show you how your caprices, your harsh words, your unjust suspicions, afflict all who surround you. My good Charlotte, I suffer in seeing your sweet temper so much altered for some time past. But you suffer morally. If you have any trouble, speak, my daughter; tell it to your mother who cherishes you, to your husband who loves you! Why this sadness? Is it possible that you are not happy?"

"The tone in which these last words were spoken seemed to say, 'Your happiness was dearly bought by me.'"

Charlotte understood her so; reproaches died upon her lips; it seemed to her that she alone was culpable! She dared not speak, and she embraced her mother, but her heart was not comforted.

"Take your mother for a model, Charlotte; her gentleness and goodness are unchangeable."

At these words of Leopold, Charlotte gave herself up to all her jealous sentiments; she looked at her husband, and in that look there was bitter irony.

"Can it be that praise of your mother irritates you?" added he, in rather a dry tone. But he stopped, for he was frightened at the expression of the face of his young wife.

"Oh!" said he, "do not look at me thus!" And then, as he for the first time since their marriage fastened his eyes attentively upon the face of Charlotte, he was struck mute with surprise and fear.

Charlotte examined her husband, and not finding in his face either love or pity, she took his astonishment for a sentiment of aversion or disdain.

"Oh, how they have deceived me!" continued she, bitterly.

"Charlotte, what do you mean to say?" said Madame d'Hauterive.

"That I am unhappy; that every one flies from me; that every one hates me! That my life is useless—is dear to no one; that all turn from me, that all repulse me; that they wish I was away; that perhaps they desire my death!"

It was in vain that supplicating gestures and words of tenderness tried to arrest the explosion of this angry grief so long suppressed. The reproaches and complaints of Charlotte overflowed from her ulcerated heart, like a torrent which destroys and overturns everything in its way. But she complained of nothing in particular, and the Baron supposed that her vague jealousy proceeded only from a naturally suspicious character. He attempted to reduce her to silence; reproached her for her injustice; and, for the first time pronounced those words which escaped in anger, that the heart immediately disavows, but whose wound is deep and cruel to the heart which receives it, and which can destroy for ever all confidence and love.

Charlotte was indignant; the words added to her grief; she could only cry,

"I know well that he detests me!"

"Charlotte, my child, you are deceived; he loves you."

"Oh! no, no!"

"And who can love such a character?" said Leopold, with temper, for whom the sweetness and charm of a peaceable life had always been the first of blessings, and who, for two months, had been afflicted in the present, and made anxious for the future, by the irritable temper of Charlotte.

"How support," added he, "complaints without a motive, reproaches without an object, and an unhappiness founded upon nothing?"

"Nothing!—without motive!—without an object!"

These words, hardly articulated, escaped from the lips of the young wife, who was agitated by a convulsive movement. She was very pale; her large eyes, almost wild, were surrounded by black clouds which attested too frequent tears; their fixedness gave something of haggardness to their expression; her face was contracted. She seemed to wish to add to these unconnected words an explanation of her anger and her jealousy; but either the timidity of her age, or the habit of respect and tenderness for her mother, restrained her; or the two violent emotions, to which she was a prey at this moment, took from her all power of expressing herself, her pale lips moved, but uttered no sound. It was a dreadful spectacle for those who had seen, two months previous, so fresh, so joyous, so careless, the face of this girl of sixteen thus disfigured by two months of suffering and constraint, and above all by the idea of that terrible sentence, which, in the torments of an unhappy marriage, seems to engrave incessantly upon our looks that inscription of the hell of Dante, "No more hope here!"

Leopold and Madame d'Hauterive were filled with fear. At

length Charlotte, after having vainly attempted to express the violent sentiments which disordered her ideas, appeared struck with a new thought. She quickly arose, ran to the casket which held the jewels, pressed the lid, opened it, took the letters and portrait which she knew were to be found there; this movement was so prompt, that before her husband or her mother could say a single word, Charlotte had thrown the letters and portrait into their hands. Then, satisfied and confused at having revealed all, she ran precipitately into her room, where they heard her violently close the door after her.

They remained motionless and mute: all was explained for the present and the future. Each imagined in their minds what Charlotte must have felt; they divined, without speaking, that it was during the illness of her mother that she had found the letters. All appeared clear then! Her tears, her suspicions, her alteration by which Leopold had just been so struck!

"Poor Charlotte!" cried he.

And Madame d'Hauterive, recalling her own grief, said,

"To have suffered so much for her—and that it should have been in vain for her happiness!"

Both felt the need of being alone; each sought in solitude and reflection some assistance in a situation which offered none.

Charlotte fastened herself in her room and would not quit it. The next day Leopold went there to seek her; she followed him to the saloon, but he could not obtain from her a single word; and as soon as she found means to escape his attention, she returned to her room, and asked as a favor that they would leave her there alone. They obeyed her. But what was the astonishment and fright of Madame d'Hauterive and M. de Leymon, when, at the dinner hour, they were told that Charlotte was no longer in her apartment, and they learned with certainty that she had departed without informing any one of her intentions.

(To be continued.)

THE FAIRY OF THE HOUSE.

By Mark Lemon.

A FAIRY'S in my house,
And works such wondrous changes!
As silent as a mouse
From room to room he ranges.
My table's plainly spread
With simple joint of mutton—
He comes! and there's instead
A banquet for a glutton.

Our cracked piano's old,
But—doubt not what I'm saying—
Its wires he turns to gold,
And angel hands seem playing.

I've seven girls and boys,
Who equal, and call it singing,
But let him join!—the noise
Seems then like sweet bells ringing.

Sometimes they dance and play
What Nurse calls "Meg's vagaries;"
He links their hands, and they
Seem then all graceful fairies.

He leads me to the bed
Where each loved one reposes,
Their pillows seem o'erspread
By him with thornless roses!

And that he may not rove
He wears one golden fetter;
My wife has named him Love,
I know no name that's better.

SAWDUST AND SPANGLES; OR, THE WRONG SIDE OF A CIRCUS.

Observed by Doesticks, P. B.

THE person who should advertise for a contract to straighten rain-bows by means of a hydraulic screw would be set down as a crazy man, and benevolent provision would be probably made for him in a lunatic asylum; and the individual who should undertake to draw his double teeth by means of a pair of boothooks would also be esteemed as "out of his head," and prejudicial to the safety of the neighborhood; but neither of these lunatics would be in reality one half as crazy as is every country youngster for a circuit of miles about the enchanted spot whereon a travelling circus is about to pitch its tent.

For weeks in advance the huge colored posters are placarded in the village tavern, both inside and out; and for these weeks, both night and day, the "big, round" eyes of wondering urchins are riveted in silent admiration upon the marvels set forth in those brilliantly colored pictures.

The horses, with such wondrous manes and such impossibly liberal tails, that are always prancing in such an impracticable manner, and executing such marvellous gyrations with their legs high in the air, are subjects of intense admiration; the Indian who stands with one foot on his horse's ears and the other at the insertion of his tail, after the usual habits of Indians, and takes aim with a bow and arrow at something on the other side of a distant mountain, is regarded with a shrinking fear, from which the boldest boy is not entirely exempt; the man who is represented as leaping over the lofty banners is considered with reverence; and the little boys who are seen going head foremost through the paper hoops, and standing on their heads on the top of a pyramid of men, and being held in uncomfortable positions by the leg by some daring barebacked rider, these are the objects of a deep-seated envy; but the little girl with hair so curly and dress so spangly, who jumps over the garters and the banners, and who waves the two little flags so joyously, and who, at the end of her act, jumps from the back of her Arab steed into the arms of the striped and spotted clown, who gives her a vermilion kiss right between the eyes, this is the little thing who is regarded by every village boy as a new-fledged angel, to be looked upon with breathless adoration, and for whose sake it would be a priceless boon to be thrashed with hickory flails, if she could only stand by to see.

Of course I used to spend all my spare time for many days, and risk the breaking of my precious neck in a hundred different ways, in emulating the wondrous marvels I had seen beneath the canvas tent. I, of course, pitched, headlong, scores of times, from barrels that I was standing on, and trying to roll with my feet, in humble imitation of the man in the circus, who locomoted himself about in that mysterious manner on a wooden globe. I, in company with a large majority of boys in the village, used to keep myself a mass of bruises and severe contusions for a month after every circus, in the vain attempt to accomplish handsprings and summersets with ease and safety.

For years I lived, as every country boy has lived, in the delightful anticipation of being a "circus man;" I existed in the blissful hope of one day being graciously permitted to earn my bread-and-butter by the persistent exposure of my body and bones to the chances of fracture and everlasting smash; for I fully intended, as soon as I was of age, to don the fleshing and spangles, and complete my earthly destiny by turning head-over-heels for the rest of my natural life.

And I had never entirely conquered this darling desire of my heart, but still had remaining in my manly bosom some vague intention of one day taking to the ring, which was never entirely overcome until one day last week, when I obtained kind permission to go behind the scenes of a circus and look at the wrong side of the spangles.

It was not a canvas circus either, but a circus under the most favorable circumstances; an aristocratic circus; a very ideal of a circus; a circus luxurious and Elysian, compared with the perambulating shams familiar to my early youth; and yet for all this, it was not a home for a Sybarite, it was not a place so perfectly voluptuous in all its surroundings as to entice a man to forsake his fellow men, there to reside for ever; but, on the contrary, it was the most gloomy and desolate spot I ever placed my foot in, and I have not been accustomed to a residence in Paradise, by any means; I have seen my full share of strange places, and unpleasant places, and dangerous places, and places devoid of comfort and attractiveness; but I must say that the most disagreeable place I ever set my eyes on is the wrong side of a circus in cold weather.

There was to be the equestrianism, the acrobatic feats, the learned elephant, a ballet pantomime by little children, and the wild animals were to be performed by the courageous gentleman who delights to take his daily recreation in the den with those amiable pets, the lions, tigers, leopards and panthers. There was a very attractive bill, and Padlin and I were to see the whole of it from behind the green curtain.

The large bleak space where they were preparing for the wonders that were to be enacted in the ring, was stowed full of miscellaneous articles, every available corner being occupied with something that was to be used in the course of the evening. The hoops covered with paper, which are known in the technical language of the profession as "balloons," were piled up in a bulky heap, ready to be jumped through by man or horse, or both, as the case might be, as soon as their time should come. The large flat saddles upon which many of the astounding feats of horsemanship are performed, and which are known as "pads," attracted our special attention; and the wonder was, not that the performers can stand upon them, but that they ever can sit down; the said saddles being about three feet long by two and a half wide. Sitting astride on one of them seems to be much like attempting to seat one's self in the same manner across a single bedstead. But bare-back horsemanship is rapidly coming into fashion, and the "pads" will soon be entirely discarded, except for the learners and ladies of the profession.

Odd bits of harness were hung up on pegs, gaily spangled trappings and horse caparisons lay carefully folded, the spangled side in, on the top of one of the cages. Two or three stalls for horses not immediately in use were fenced off at one side, and the stable helpers were busily engaged in preparing them for their appearance before the audience which was fast collecting outside. The great point in this preparation seemed to consist in rubbing powdered rosin vigorously all along the back of the animal. This is done to prevent the feet of the rider from slipping, and indeed the feet of every performer are well rubbed with the same substance before he goes into the ring, that there may be no broken limbs or sprained joints arising from mis-steps. A shallow low box filled with rosin stands in a convenient place, and each one steps into it and rubs his feet in it for a few seconds previous to going into the ring. The tables, chairs, platforms, fancy chariots, stools, poles, wooden globes, and the hundred other things in constant use in a circus performance, were compactly piled away in such a manner that each may be easily got out when it is wanted.

The elephant has a huge stable to himself under the stage, and never leaves the building; he seems to occupy his mind with eating and with feeling about with that uneasy trunk of his, and making mute inquiries with it of everybody who comes along about something which seems to rest heavily on his elephantine mind. As neither Padlin nor myself talk elephant, we could give his hugeness no satisfaction. He was probably troubled about his keeper, who has been for some little time quite sick. The lions, tigers and other animals are kept in their iron-barred cages apart from each other, for serious misunderstandings are apt to arise between them when they are allowed to be together. It was only the other day that the lion stripped the skin and flesh from the entire leg of one of the leopards by one petulant stroke of his royal paw. The cages are kept darkened by means of curtains, as it is found that the light excites the savage propensities of their occupants, and makes them desirous of tearing things.

A few of the performers were moving heavily about in most curious costume, having their legs and feet attired in fleshings and slippers, while the upper part of their bodies was covered with great shaggy overcoats. They all looked as if for some inexplicable reason they had omitted their pantaloons when they dressed themselves that morning. They shivered in their dresses, their teeth fairly chattered with the searching cold, and they evidently considered the whole thing a melancholy nuisance. The clown, in his patchwork dress, came creeping slowly along, the white on his face with the dabs of bright vermilion over it, giving him the sprightly appearance of a ghost with pulmonary consumption. His whole demeanor was listless and weary; and he appeared as unlike the individual whose very appearance in the ring was to be hailed with a shout of laughter, and who was for an hour to keep the whole theatre in a roar, as it seems possible to imagine. He shivered in his motley dress, swore a word or two at the cold weather, grumbled at somebody, asked somebody else for a chew of tobacco, and announced himself ready to begin.

The white-coated servants, whose department it is to clear away things, and keep everything in apple-pie order, now gathered up the carpet from the ring, and the entertainment began. The performers who figured in the grand entrée wearily climbed on the backs of their several steeds, the music struck up, and they went out and rode their evolutions. However gay and pleasant they appeared when before the audience, as soon as they came off they began to grumble, some at one thing, some at another, but all seemed to find something or other that had gone wrong. Circus riders are by no means free from professional jealousies, but have their weak points as well as unspangled mortals.

The acrobats brushed past us, leaped one by one into the rosin-box, there rubbed their feet for an instant, and then joined hands and ran on to "do their endeavors." When the boys had been held up in the air enough, and been tumbled over each other enough, and had been carelessly thrown about long enough by the men, and had turned summersets enough, and piled themselves up in heaps enough, they came rushing off; then the littlest of the boys began hastily to tear off his dress and put one on of a different color, for he was to appear under another name in a minute, and do a daring act with the desperate bare-back rider. Then the little girls who were to do the pantomime began to drop in. They were attired for the most part in faded thin dresses, much too scanty to keep out the cold of a raw March wind, for it is not the children of rich gentlemen who answer the advertisements of "Ballet girls wanted." Some of the smallest of them came with their mothers, and they proceeded straight to the green-room, whence they presently emerged attired in full court dresses, or clad as fairies, in which airy guise they shivered about the entrances until their time came to go and contribute their quota to the evening's amusements. Some were dressed in full Polish uniforms, as "the Lancers" was to be danced by a number of boys and girls, and by the way almost all the boys were girls dressed up.

Padlin busied himself about everything, and made inquiries about all he saw of everybody who would condescend to answer his questions—the riders, the clown, the children, the attendants, the stable-boys, the beast-keepers and all. At last one of these latter, under pretence of showing him some of the secrets of the establishment, inveigled him to the immediate vicinity of a cage, and while he kept Padlin's attention occupied another keeper suddenly withdrew the intervening curtain, and that inquisitive individual found himself face to face with two large tigers, one of which thrust out his paw suddenly between the bars as if to grab Padlin's head. With one frantic dash he escaped, and after tumbling over four waiters and knocking his shins against a chariot he gave one of the tallest leaps known in gymnastic history, and landed on the top of the pile of balloons that were prepared for the performances; in an instant he was lost from sight, having sunk to the bottom of the pile, and at one jump gone through more paper hoops probably than any man that ever lived. He was fished out disconsolate, and after shaking his fist at the tiger he made his exit.

I may say that I am cured of my desire to immortalize myself in the ring, and that my sawdust aspirations are quenched for ever. I place no more faith in the jokes of the clown, nor will I believe in the contented smiles of the riders, and the glitter of the spangles shall affect my soul no more. I have seen the discontent, the gloom, the shivering, the jealousies, and the discomforts of the dressing-room; my ambition is swamped, and the world shall never see Doc-sticks turning lugubrious flip-flops to earn dinners for his dependent family.

WELL-AUTHENTICATED RAPPINGS.

A Great Spiritual Manifestation.

THE writer, who is about to record three spiritual experiences of his own in the present truthful article, deems it essential to state that, down to the time of his being favored therewith, he had not been a believer in rappings, or tipplings. His vulgar notions of the spiritual world represented its inhabitants as probably advanced, even beyond the intellectual supremacy of Peckham or New York; and it seemed to him, considering the large amount of ignorance, presumption and folly with which this earth is blessed, so very unnecessary to call in immaterial beings to gratify mankind with bad spelling and worse nonsense, that the presumption was strongly against those respected films taking the trouble to come here, for no better purpose than to make supererogatory idiots of themselves.

This was the writer's gross and fleshy state of mind at so late a period as the twenty-sixth of December last. On that memorable morning, at about two hours after daylight—that is to say, at twenty minutes before ten by the writer's watch, which stood on a table at his bedside, and which can be seen at the publishing office, and identified as a demi-chronometer made by Boute of Geneva, and numbered 67,709—on that memorable morning, at about two hours after daylight, the writer, starting up in bed with his hand to his forehead, distinctly felt seventeen heavy throbs or beats in that region. They were accompanied by a feeling of pain in the locality, and by a general sensation not unlike that which is usually attendant on biliousness. Yielding to a sudden impulse, the writer asked,

"What is this?"

The answer immediately returned (in throbs or beats upon the forehead) was, "Yesterday."

The writer then demanded, being as yet but imperfectly awake:

"What was yesterday?"

Answer: "Christmas Day."

The writer, being now quite come to himself, inquired, "Who is the medium in this case?"

Answer: "Clarkins."

Question: "Mrs. Clarkins, or Mr. Clarkins?"

Answer: "Both."

Question: "By Mr., do you mean Old Clarkins, or Young Clarkins?"

Answer: "Both."

Now, the writer had dined with his friend Clarkins (who can be appealed to, at the State Paper Office) on the previous day, and spirits had actually been discussed at that dinner, under various aspects. It was in the writer's remembrance, also, that both Clarkins Senior and Clarkins Junior had been very active in such discussion, and had rather pressed it on the company. Mrs. Clarkins too had joined in it with animation, and had observed, in a joyous if not exuberant tone, that it was "only once a year."

Convinced by these tokens that the rapping was of spiritual origin, the writer proceeded as follows:

"Who are you?"

The rapping on the forehead was resumed, but in a most incoherent manner. It was for some time impossible to make sense of it. After a pause, the writer (holding his head) repeated the inquiry in a solemn voice, accompanied with a groan:

"Who ARE you?"

Incoherent rappings were still the response.

The writer then asked, solemnly as before, and with another groan:

"What is your name?"

The reply was conveyed in a sound exactly resembling a loud hiccough. It afterwards appeared that this spiritual voice was distinctly heard by Alexander Pumpion, the writer's footboy (seventh son of Widow Pumpion, mangler), in an adjoining chamber.

Question: "Your name cannot be Hiccough? Hiccough is not a proper name?"

No answer being returned, the writer said: "I solemnly charge you, by our joint knowledge of Clarkins the medium—of Clarkins Senior, Clarkins Junior, and Clarkins Mrs.—to reveal your name!"

The reply rapped out with extreme unwillingness, was, "Sloe-Juice, Logwood, Blackberry."

This appeared to the writer sufficiently like a parody on Cobweb, Moth and Mustard-Seed in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," to justify the retort:

"That is not your name?"

The rapping spirit admitted, "No."

"Then what do they generally call you?"

A pause.

"I ask you what they generally call you?"

The spirit, evidently under coercion, responded, in a most solemn manner, "Port!"

This awful communication caused the writer to lie prostrate, on the verge of insensibility, for a quarter of an hour; during which the rappings were continued with violence, and a host of spiritual appearances passed before his eyes of a black hue, and greatly resembled tadpoles endowed with the power of occasionally spinning themselves out into musical notes as they swam down into space. After contemplating a vast legion of these appearances, the writer demanded of the rapping spirit:

"How am I to present you to myself? What, upon the whole, is most like you?"

The terrific reply was, "Blackening."

As soon as the writer could command his emotion, which was now very great, he inquired:

"Had I better take something?"

Answer: "Yes."

Question: "Can I write for something?"

Answer: "Yes."

A pencil and a slip of paper, which were on the table at the bedside, immediately bounded into the writer's hand, and he found himself forced to write (in a curiously unsteady character and all down-hill, whereas his own writing is remarkably plain and straight) the following spiritual note:

"Mr. C. D. S. Pooney presents his compliments to Messrs. Bell and Company, Pharmaceutical Chemists, Oxford street, opposite to Portland street, and begs them to have the goodness to send him, by bearer, a five-grain genuine blue pill and a genuine black draught of corresponding power."

But, before entrusting this document to Alexander Pumpion (who unfortunately lost it on his return, if he did not even lay himself open to the suspicion of having wfully inserted it into one of the holes of a perambulating chestnut-roaster to see how it would flare), the writer resolved to test the rapping spirit with one conclusive question. He therefore asked, in a slow and impressive voice:

"Will these remedies make my stomach ache?"

It is impossible to describe the prophetic confidence of the reply. "Yes." The assurance was fully borne out by the result, as the writer will long remember; and after this experience it were needless to observe that he could no longer doubt.

The next communication of a deeply interesting character with which the writer was favored occurred on one of the leading lines of railway. The circumstances under which the revelation was made to him—on the second day of January in the present year—were these: He had recovered from the effects of the previous remarkable visitation, and had again been partaking of the compliments of the season. The preceding day had been passed in hilarity. He was on his way to a celebrated town, a well-known commercial emporium, where he had business to transact, and had lunched in a somewhat greater hurry than is usual on railways, in consequence of the train being behind time. His lunch had been very reluctantly administered to him by a young lady behind a counter. She had been much occupied at the time with the arrangement of her hair and dress, and her expressive countenance had denoted disdain. It will be seen that this young lady proved to be a powerful medium.

The writer had returned to the first-class carriage in which he chanced to be travelling alone, the train had resumed its motion, he had fallen into a dose, and the unimpeachable watch already mentioned recorded forty-five minutes to have elapsed since his interview with the medium, when he was aroused by a very singular musical instrument. This instrument, he found to his admiration unmingled with alarm, was performing in his inside. Its tones were of a low and rippling character, difficult to describe; but if such a comparison may be admitted, resembling a melodious heartburn. Be this as it may, they suggested that humble sensation to the writer.

Concurrently with his becoming aware of the phenomenon in question, the writer perceived that his attention was being solicited

by a hurried succession of angry raps in the stomach, and a pressure on the chest. A sceptic no more, he immediately communed with the spirit. The dialogue was as follows:

Question: "Do I know your name?"

Answer: "I should think so!"

Question: "Does it begin with a P?"

Answer (second time): "I should think so!"

Question: "Have you two names, and does each begin with a P?"

Answer (third time): "I should think so!"

Question: "I charge you to lay aside this levity, and inform me what you are called."

The spirit, after reflecting for a few seconds, spelt out P. O. R. K. The musical instrument then performed a short and fragmentary strain. The spirit then recommenced, and spelt out the word "P. I. E."

Now, this precise article of pastry, this particular viand or comestible, actually had formed—let the scoffer know—the staple of the writer's lunch, and actually had been handed to him by the young lady whom he now knew to be a powerful medium! Highly gratified by the conviction thus forced upon his mind that the knowledge with which he conversed was not of this world, the writer pursued the dialogue.

Question: "They call you Pork Pie?"

Answer: "Yes."

Question (which the writer timidly put, after struggling with some natural reluctance), "Are you, in fact, Pork Pie?"

Answer: "Yes."

It were vain to attempt a description of the mental comfort and relief which the writer derived from this important answer. He proceeded:

Question: "Let us understand each other. A part of you is pork, and a part of you is pie?"

Answer: "Exactly so."

Question: "What is your pie part made of?"

Answer: "Lard." Then came a sorrowful strain from the musical instrument. Then the word "Dripping."

Question: "How am I to present you to my mind? What are you most like?"

Answer (very quickly): "Lead."

A sense of despondency overcame the writer at this point. When he had in some measure conquered it, he resumed:

Question: "Your other name is a porky nature. What has that nature been chiefly sustained upon?"

Answer (in a sprightly manner): "Pork, to be sure!"

Question: "Not so. Pork is not fed upon pork."

Answer: "Isn't it, though?"

A strange internal feeling, resembling a flight of pigeons, seized upon the writer. He then became illuminated in a surprising manner, and said:

"Do I understand you to hint that the human race, incautiously attacking the indigestible fortresses called by your name, and not having time to storm them, owing to the great solidity of their almost impregnable walls, are in the habit of leaving much of their contents in the hands of the mediums, who with such pig nourish the pigs of future pies?"

Answer: "That's it!"

Question: "Then to paraphrase the words of our immortal bard—"

Answer (interrupting):

"The same pork in its time makes many pies,
Its least being seven pasties."

The writer's emotion was profound. But again desirous still further to try the spirit, and to ascertain whether, in the poetic phraseology of the advanced seers of the United States, it hailed from one of the inner and more elevated circles, he tested its knowledge with the following:

Question: "In the wild harmony of the musical instrument within me, of which I am again conscious, what other substances are there airs of, besides those you have mentioned?"

Answer: "Cape. Gamboe. Camomile. Treacle. Spirits of wine. Distilled potatoes."

Question: "Nothing else?"

Answer: "Nothing worth mentioning."

Let the scoffer tremble and do homage; let the feeble sceptic blush! The writer at his lunch had demanded of the powerful medium a glass of sherry, and likewise a small glass of brandy. Who can doubt that the articles of commerce indicated by the spirit were supplied to him from that source under those two names?

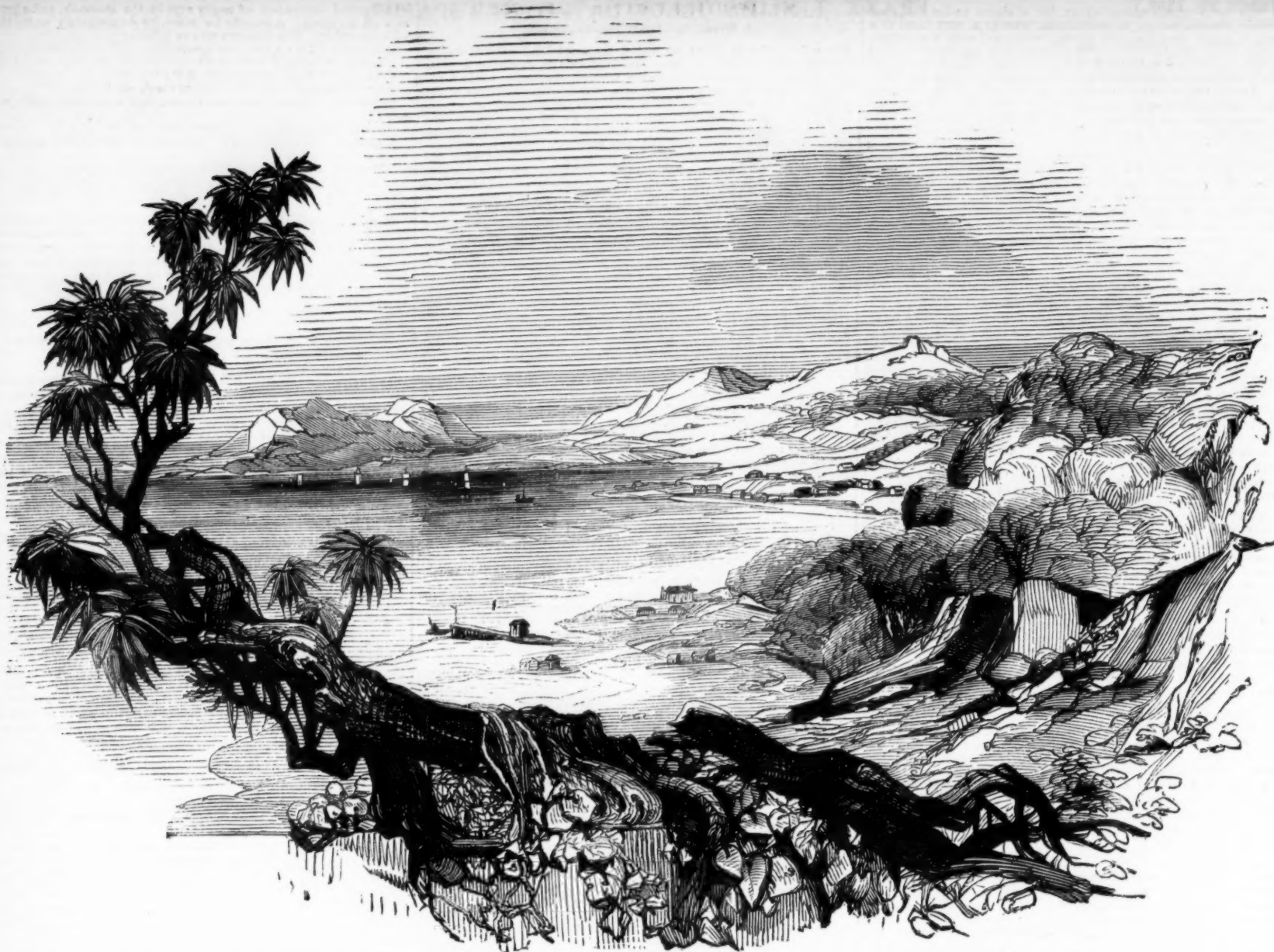
One other instance may suffice to prove that experiences of the foregoing nature are no longer to be questioned, and that it ought to be made capital to attempt to explain them away. It is an exquisite case of tipping.

The writer's destiny had appointed him to entertain a hopeless affection for Miss L. B., of Bungay, in the county of Suffolk. Miss L. B. had not, at the period of the occurrence of the tipping, openly rejected the writer's offer of his hand and heart; but it has since seemed probable that she had been withheld from doing so, by filial fear of her father, Mr. B., who was favorable to the writer's pretensions. Now, mark the tipping. A young man, obnoxious to all well-constituted minds (since married to Miss L. B.), was visiting at the house. Young B. was also home from school. The writer was present. The family party were assembled about a round table. It was the spiritual time of twilight in the month of July. Objects could not be discerned with any degree of distinctness. Suddenly, Mr. B., whose senses had been lulled to repose, infused terror into all our breasts by uttering a passionate roar or ejaculation. His words (his education was neglected in his youth) were exactly these: "Damme, here's somebody a shoving of a letter into my hand under my own mahogany!" Consternation seized the assembled group. Mrs. B. augmented the prevalent dismay by declaring that somebody had been softly treading on her toes, at intervals, for half an hour. Greater consternation seized the assembled group. Mr. B. called for lights. Now, mark the tipping.

Young B. cried (I quote his expressions accurately), "It's the spirits, father! They've been at it with me this last fortnight." Mr. B. demanded with irascibility, "What do you mean, sir? What have they been at?" Young B. replied, "Wanting to make a regular post office of me, father. They're always handing impalpable letters to me, father. A letter must have come creeping round to you by mistake. I must be a medium, father. O here's a go!" cried young B. "If I ain't a jolly medium!" The boy now became violently convulsed, spluttering exceedingly, and jerking out his legs and arms in a manner calculated to cause me (and which did cause me) serious inconvenience; for, I was supporting his respected mother within range of his boots, and he conducted himself like a telegraph before the invention of the electric one. All this time Mr. B. was looking about under the table for the letter, while the obnoxious young man, since married to Miss L. B., protected that young lady in an obnoxious manner. "O here's a go!" young B. continued to cry without intermission, "If I ain't a jolly medium, father! Here's a go! There'll be a tipping presently, father. Look out for the table!" Now mark the tipping. The table tipped so violently as to strike Mr. B. a good half-dozen times on his bald head while he was looking under it; which caused Mr. B. to come out with great agility, and rub it with much tenderness (I refer to his head), and to imprecate it with much violence (I refer to the table). I observed that the tipping of the table was uniformly in the direction of the magnetic current; that is to say, from south to north, or from young B. to Mr. B. I should have made some further observations on this deeply interesting point but that the table suddenly revolved and tipped over on myself, bearing me to the ground with a force increased by the momentum imparted to it by young B., who came over with it in a state of mental exaltation, and could not be displaced for some time. In the interval, I was aware of being crushed by his weight and the table's, and also of his constantly calling out to his sister and the obnoxious young man, that he foresaw there would be another tipping presently.

None such, however, took place. He recovered after taking a short walk with them in the dark, and no worse effects of the very beautiful experience with which we had been favored were perceptible in him during the rest of the evening than a slight tendency to hysterical laughter, and a noticeable attraction (I might almost term it fascination) of his left hand in the direction of his heart or waistcoat pocket.

Was this, or was it not a case of tipping? Will the sceptic and the scoffer reply?



TOWN AND BAY OF WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.

REMINISCENCES OF NEW ZEALAND.

By Dr. Jameson.

Habits and Customs of the New Zealanders—Anecdotes—Their Conversion to Christianity—Mixed White Population—Missionary Influence.

If a straight line were drawn from England through the earth's centre, and continued to the opposite point of the surface of the globe, it would come out in the South Pacific Ocean in the neighborhood of a large group of islands, named New Zealand by the early Dutch navigator Tasman, in honor of his native land. But little was known concerning them until the visit of Captain Cook, in the year 1769, when that illustrious discoverer was struck by the beauty and fertility of the islands, and horrified by the cannibalism and barbarous customs of their inhabitants. He described the islands under their native names, Ed-hei-no-mawee, which is the farthest north, Tavai Poenamoo in the middle, and another, the smallest and most southerly of the group. Their total superficies equals or exceeds that of Great Britain and Ireland. On account of their insular position, their size, the harbors which indent their coasts, and the genial, bracing quality of their climate, the New Zealand Islands have been called the Britain of the Southern Hemisphere; but this name will be still more appropriate at a future period than now—when they shall have emerged from the infancy of a colony and assumed the character of a great and perhaps independent State.

During many years subsequent to the visit of Captain Cook, barbarism in its worst and most revolting aspects continued to overshadow the islands of New Zealand. The population was divided into numerous tribes, subject to chiefs, who claimed dominion and property over their own territories, and over the lives and properties of their subordinates, recognizing no law but that

of physical strength and hereditary right. The chief protected his subordinates, who in return obeyed his mandates and fought his battles, in which the spear and war club of heavy iron-wood played the principal part. The conquered were enslaved, and sometimes, in order to celebrate some great deed of arms, they were cooked and eaten by the conquerors. The universal motto was *ea victis*!—"woe to the conquered!" They tattooed their faces and bodies with the most elaborate and intricate designs, with the intention probably of rendering their aspect more formidable to their enemies. They dwelt in villages surrounded by high stockades, within the compass of which were built the houses of the tribe. Feeling secure in these rude fortifications, they enjoyed a kind of social existence which was often enlivened by the recital of the traditions of their ancient priests and the deeds of warriors. There were also native dances, wherein both sexes participated. Tradition, strengthened by the authority of the chiefs, with whom it was a matter of policy to keep alive the most ancient rites and customs, no matter how absurd, cruel or sanguinary. The practice of cannibalism was more a warlike rite, and a mode of celebrating success in battle, than a real *bona fide* feast got up to appease the appetite. By a curious coincidence the Shakespearean passage concerning the

"Anthrophagi and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders,"

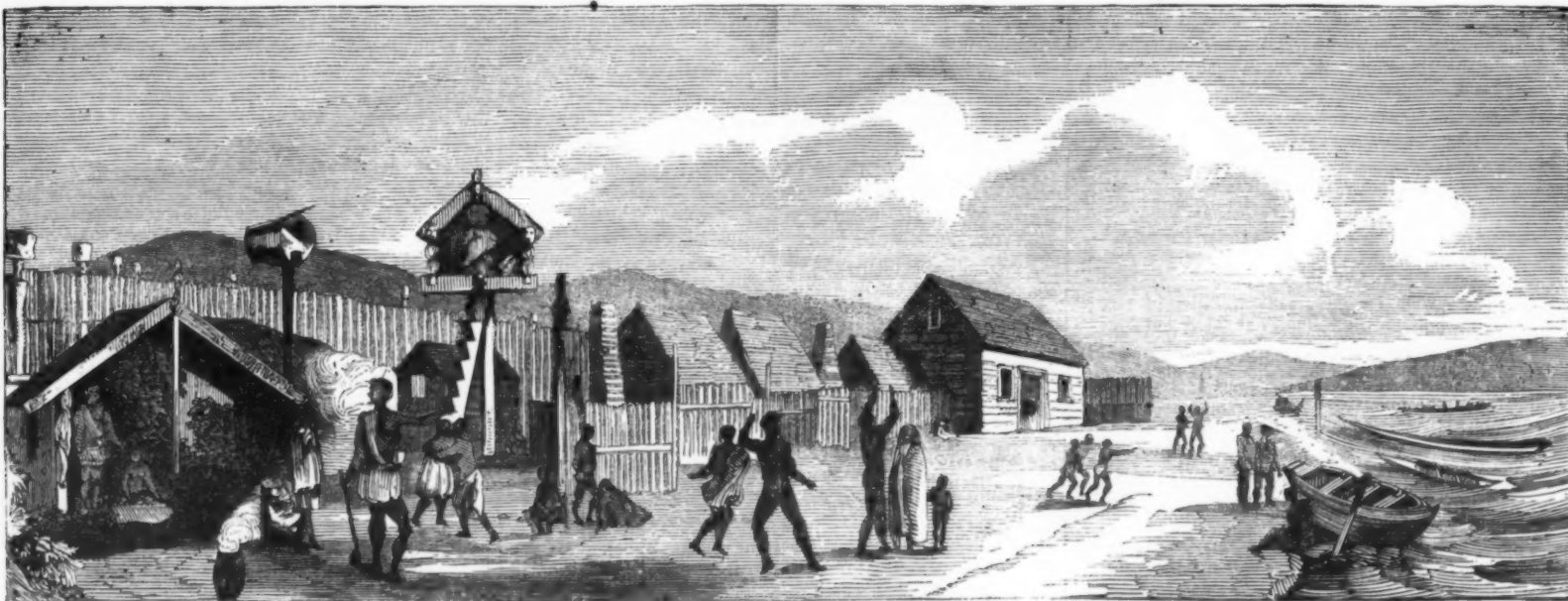
is exactly applicable to the geographical position, as well as to the cannibal propensities of the early New Zealanders, their islands being antipodal to England. Yet it was written long before the date of their discovery.

The paha, or fortified villages of the New Zealanders, were commonly built by the sea-shore, in some sheltered inlet or large river, for the convenience of fishing. In front of them, on the beach, lay the canoes of the tribe, from the large war canoe, which

was manned by fifty or sixty fighting men, to others so small that a woman or a child could paddle them about without difficulty. Over the entrance of the village there usually grined a hideous wooden image, which they worshipped as a tutelary divinity; and similar idols adorned the highly carved prows of their war canoes, in the construction and adornment of which, as well as on their war-clubs and spears, they bestowed great pains, and no inconsiderable skill and taste in the art of carving.

Their attire consisted of a garment woven from thread made of the fibres of the celebrated *phormium tenax*, which at one time threatened to drive Russian hemp out of the market as a material for sails and cordage. Of this material—sometimes dyed in bright and pleasing designs—were fabricated those cloaks in which the New Zealand chief enveloped his form, with something of the grace and dignity of an ancient Roman in his "toga." The *phormium tenax* grows wild and in excessive profusion on the alluvial banks of rivers throughout New Zealand; its fibre, being separated from its inverting membrane by steeping, possesses, though injured by the process, a remarkable tenacity, and it would have been exported to Europe to a large extent if there had been any ingenious Down-easter at hand to invent a machine for separating it without the steeping process. For the want of such an invention little progress has been made in its preparation, and it is to be numbered among the yet undeveloped resources of New Zealand.

Among their social customs there were some not unworthy of notice; for example, at the councils of the tribe it was a rule that boys of tender age should take part in the discussion, and deliver their opinions, which were heard with due respect by their seniors of the council. It was supposed that this exercise of the juvenile intellect was favorable to its strength and growth, and perhaps the principle was a correct one, deserving of imita-



NEW ZEALAND PA, OR VILLAGE.

tion elsewhere. Friends long separated evinced their feelings at being re-united in a singular manner. They clasped each other's necks, their noses resting against each other; and whilst tears—real ones—flowed profusely, they uttered low plaintive murmurs, as if they lamented the time during which they had been deprived of each other's society, rather than rejoiced at being reunited. Another instance shows that even the lowest form of barbarism has some redeeming points. There was a class of men who followed the profession of heralds or peacemakers, and made it their business to prevent wars and to reconcile enmities between individuals and tribes. The writer having on one occasion with a few friends unwittingly trespassed upon "tabooed" or sacred ground, the party were relieved from a very embarrassing position by the mediation of one of these philanthropists. An insult demanded either a duel between the parties or a present from the offender. An old English sea captain, in his intercourse with the natives, gave way rather freely to his national habit of swearing at those who displeased him, and in order not to be under the disagreeable necessity of standing up face to face against a big ferocious savage and having his brains knocked out with a carved war club, he prudently carried a pocketful of peace-offerings in the shape of jack-knives, tobacco-boxes, and the like. For these reasons the bluff old captain was a favorite rather than otherwise. Another individual, who had offended the dignity of a chief in a similar manner, and refused the customary expiation, had his house burned down by the tribe, and received neither assistance nor sympathy even from his own countrymen. Several English sailors having, after shipwreck, fallen into the hands of one of the chiefs, were tied up to trees and offered the alternative of being cooked and devoured, or of being tattooed and married to daughters of the tribe. The sons of Neptune preferred the latter evil as the least of the two, and followed the fortunes of their new associates in war and peace—finally dying, it is said, at a ripe old age, and leaving behind them a progeny of what the Scottish poet called "burdly chiefs and clever hizzies."

The writer was frequently struck with the fine personal appearance of many of the first-class Rangitires or chiefs, and also with the dignity of their address and the courtesy of their manners. He was accompanied by the head of the Nga-te-Tamatera tribe on a journey which he made to the interior, for the purpose of inspecting a tract of land, and could notice, in the easy, cheerful manners of his companion, all the distinguishing marks of a well-bred gentleman. The chief wore on Sundays a uniform of the royal navy—cocked hat, epaulettes and all—which had been given to him by a British officer. The only part of the costume omitted was the shoes. Nothing could induce him to encase his feet in the leathern "fixings" with which he said we white men crippled and encumbered our lower extremities. His wife was a perfect New Zealand beauty, tall, fair and faultlessly formed. On this occasion the dependants and slaves of the chief vied with each other in their attentions to the guest and travelling companion of their lord and master. They pitched his tent at nightfall, kindled his fire, and prepared his evening meal of pork, potatoes and coffee, with an emulation that was absolutely comical. In fact, though surrounded by men who, in their time had been cannibals and savages, he never felt more completely safe and at his ease.

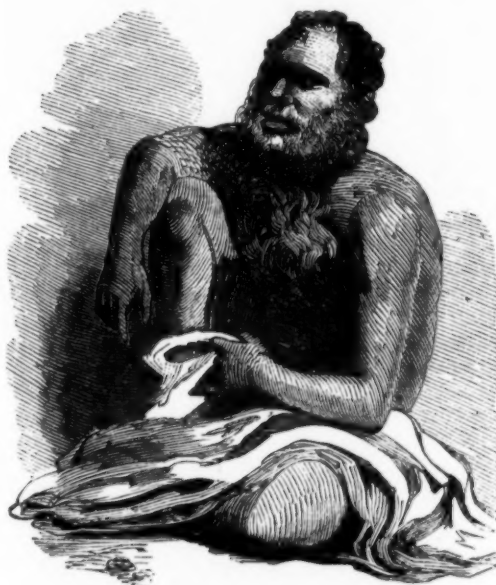
It was, and perhaps is still, the custom among the Christianized New Zealanders (nine-tenths of the whole population) to meet morning and evening for the purpose of devotion. A hymn was sung, a prayer pronounced, and a passage of Scripture expounded by a class-leader or preacher of the tribe, the audience sitting round the camp fire and listening to the seemingly earnest and impressive language of the person who addressed them. Knowing the Maori language but very imperfectly, the writer could only judge from outward indications of the effect which these humble but zealous ministrations wrought upon the minds of the hearers. Such was the marvellous change which the New Zealand missionaries had effected. Many a young native catechist, many even among his tattooed and blanketed pupils, could quote and apply texts of Scripture in a manner that might put to shame a large majority of those who crowd our fashionable churches. A few of the old chiefs kept aloof from this new fangled infatuation, as they deemed it. They persisted in idol worship, and doubtless would have rejoiced in realizing that facetious description by the Rev. Sydney Smith of a New Zealand entertainment—roast bishop at the head, and a missionary stew at the bottom of the table.

But these good old times had gone by; the knell of heathenism had been rung in every village throughout the island. The foundation of this great and good work had been laid by the Rev. Henry Marsden, and his labors were able and successfully followed up. The missionaries, representing the Church of England, the Wesleyan body, and the See of Rome, vied with each other in extirpating the aboriginal barbarism. The Bishop of Oceania, a French ecclesiastic of high family, lived in a small cottage at the Bay of Islands, where the writer passed many pleasant hours in his society. The Church Mission established its head-



NEW ZEALAND WAR CANOE.

quarters in the interior, not far from the Bay of Islands; and subordinate establishments were formed at the Thames river, at Cook's Straits, and other localities throughout the islands. Land was culti-



NEW ZEALAND CHIEF.

vated to a considerable extent at these stations; wheat, Indian corn, and other cereal plants were raised with the aid of native labor; fruit trees of all kinds were planted, and yielded in astonishing

luxuriance. Here, as in Australia, peach stones, scattered at random, sprung up in a few years into groves, which yielded so abundantly that in some places the fruit was fed out to pigs. Natives were also taught the mechanical arts of house and boat building; young girls learned to use the needle, to weave stockings, to wash, and to perform all the domestic female duties of civilized life. Thus it came to pass that within twenty years from the advent of Mr. Marsden, the primitive barbarism of the New Zealand tribes was eradicated—heathenism and idol worship abolished—and a race, naturally courageous and intelligent, was elevated to the rank of a civilized and Christian people. Let us entertain a hope that they are not destined, like the Indians of this continent and the wretched "black fellows" of Australia, to be "civilized off the face of Creation."

For the good that has been done, the missionaries collectively deserve the praise. Their chief difficulty consisted in the mixed white population of the island, a motley assemblage of runaway Yankee and British sailors, French, German and other adventurers, with a copious sprinkling of escaped convicts from Australia. The Bay of Islands was the headquarters of this mixed community. That noble harbor has always been a favorite resort for the whaling ships of all nations. There they procured yams, potatoes, fresh pork, clothing and rum, and indulged as freely as possible in drunkenness and profligacy during their brief stay. The traders and groggers of the place grew rich by supplying their wants. No other law existed than that of Judge Lynch; but this was all sufficient for evil-doers—who would have laughed at all the paraphernalia of regular courts, sheriffs and prosecuting officers—had a wholesome dread of tar and feathers. Under this tribunal property was respected, and human life was considerably safer than it has recently been in New York.

I was one day accosted at Karo-ra-keka—so the settlement at the Bay of Islands was named—by a Frenchman, "Sare, vill you have ze goodness to be my witness in one leetle commerce bargain—vat you call him—with one Maori—dat is to say—one of de natifs?"

"With pleasure," was my reply; and he led me forthwith to the native pah, or village, overlooking the beach, and surrounded by the small white-painted wooden cottages of the white community. There, squatted in front of his hut, sat the object of our search, smoking, and enveloped in his blanket; near him lay the remains of a huge dish of boiled fish and potatoes. "He has just made one good dinner," said my friend; "he will be reasonable."

A youth of the village, who had served on an English whaler, now came forward in reply to a signal from the Maori, and intimated that he was ready to interpret on the occasion.

"Ah, very goot; tell him dat I have come one more time for to buy his young voman—daughter, as you call him."

This was interpreted to the chief, who, after three or four deliberate puffs, made answer, through the interpreter, to this effect:

"No; you shall not have the girl for less than I said yesterday."

"Mais!" said the Frenchman, "it is one horreur! So much blanket; so much guns, powdere, shot and tabac for one leetle Maori girl! I not shall—not can give so much; I shall take off two guns and six blankets from de price."

It was evident that the Maori saw his vantage ground in the excitement of the little Frenchman, and had resolved not to abate a jot in his demand. Unfortunately also for the Frenchman, just at this moment the round, comely and laughing countenance of the "piece of goods" itself peeped from behind the door of the hut and completed his overthrow.

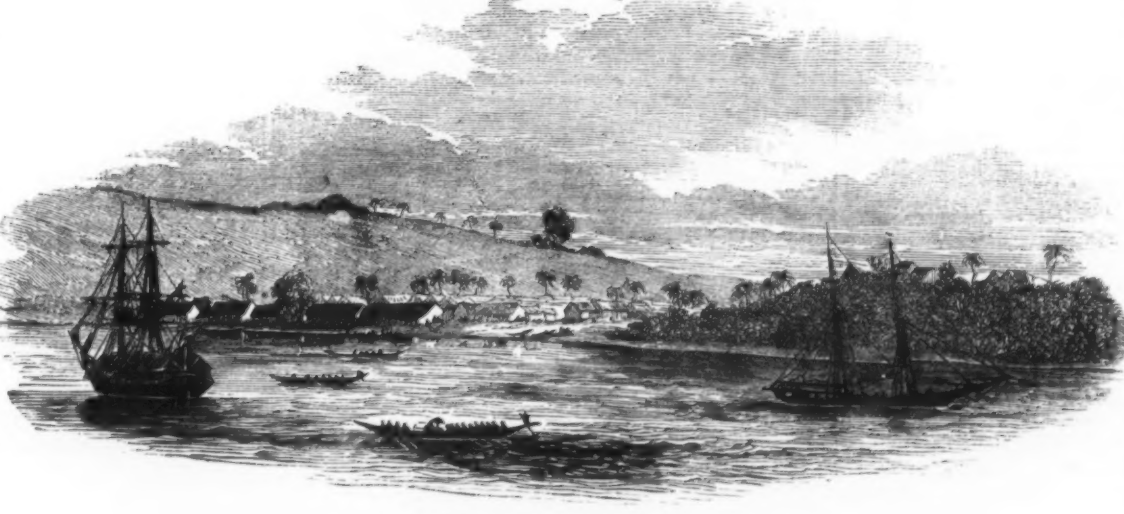
Muttering a few *sacres* he said to the interpreter, "Vell, tell him dat I shall give him de price; but it is very much—too dear."

To be brief, the guns, powder, blankets and other articles were sent for, and the youthful beauty, perfectly satisfied with the operation, was handed over to the purchaser.

The incident related indicates the nature of the amalgamating process which had been going on in New Zealand. The missionaries, as in duty bound, set their faces against these irregular transactions, but custom had sanctioned them in the eyes of the

parties most interested, and strange to say, rude and lawless as were the heroes of these semi-matrimonial incidents in the majority of cases, they were very seldom known to abandon or misuse their native wives, as they invariably called them. The half-caste population arising from these left-handed marriages was, physically, a superior race; morally, they have doubtless labored under serious disadvantages.

The native population of the New Zealand group amounts to about 200,000; and although possessed of greater physical stamina than the natives of the Sandwich Islands, who are rapidly passing away under the influence of what is termed civilized life, it is nevertheless to be apprehended that the Maori nation must also succumb to the same causes, notwithstanding the laws which the British Government has insti-



KARO-RA-KEKA, BAY OF ISLANDS.

tuted for their moral preservation, and notwithstanding the efforts made for their social and political improvement.

In the second article of these reminiscences the physical features and natural productions of the New Zealand Islands, and the results of their colonization by Great Britain, will be described.

(To be continued.)

I PRAY FOR THE LOVED AT HOME.

I PRAY for them when sunset
Is gilding every hill,
And darkness seals the twilight,
And all around is still;
When I am tired and weary,
And all my work is o'er,
'Tis sweet to pray at close of day
For those I see no more.

I pray for thee, my father,
When night is stealing on,
And the last ray of daylight
Without a sigh has gone;
I pray for thee, my mother—
My dearest friend on earth;
'Tis sweet to pray at close of day,
Away from joy and mirth.

I see my little sister,
With dark eyes full of tears,
And pray that brightest angels
Will guard her future years;
When I am tired and weary,
And all my work is o'er,
'Tis sweet to pray at close of day
For those I see no more.

COO-EE!

An Australian Adventure.

MANY years ago, when Australia was little more than a vast sheep-walk, and before the colonists had dreamed of digging gold

"From out the bowels of the sinful earth,"

it was my fate to be lost in the bush; and this is how it happened: I had recently arrived in what was then termed the new country of Port Phillip, now better known as Victoria; and, unwilling to settle prematurely, was taking a tour through the pastoral districts. Herein I followed the advice of an old friend, who furnished me with introductory letters to several squatters in various parts of the colony.

Accordingly, one morning, I set out from Hawkwood, a lonely sheep-station, situated under the shadow of Mount Macedon's majestic pile, with the intention of proceeding to Kororook, on the banks of the Loddon, a distance of about thirty miles. My instructions were to follow a certain track, or bush-road, until I crossed the ford to which it would conduct me; then to keep along the banks of the river, till I came to the station.

For some time all went pleasantly enough. The track was pretty well defined, the day was fine, and my horse was fresh; so I cantered along with all that exhilarating buoyancy of spirits which is peculiarly attributable to the delicious atmosphere of Australia. The Campaspe and Coliban rivers were passed without difficulty. When, therefore, a few miles farther on, I approached a small creek, I apprehended no danger. But that despised creek was the source of all my subsequent troubles.

Selecting the fording-place, which appeared to be most used, I rode boldly into the stream, which at that point was very wide and shallow. When about half-way through, my horse stooped his head to drink, and I relaxed my grasp of the bridle, that he might do so with greater freedom. Instantly, however, I felt that he was sinking into the soft, black mud, which formed the bed of the creek. I sought to urge him onward; but it was too late. He struggled in vain to extricate himself, and I had barely time to draw my feet from the stirrups, and spring from his side, ere he rolled over on his side, and was swept by the current into an adjoining water-hole of unknown depth.

I had stepped briskly back to the land, and now awaited the result. In the deep water my steed recovered his equilibrium, and striking out for the farther bank, easily effected a landing. No sooner was he ashore than, to my vexation, I beheld him roll and tumble on the grass, utterly destroying the saddle. He then shook himself heartily, as though glad to be rid of his human incumbrance—to wit, myself; and after these demonstrations, proceeded to crop the grass with the utmost nonchalance.

I waded through the ford as hastily as the yielding nature of the soil would permit, and endeavored to recapture the truant. But immediately I approached him, he threw up his heels, and bounded off. In vain I sought to coax him; the obstinate brute was deaf to my blandishments; and at length, after a long and fruitless chase, I gave it up in despair.

As regarded the horse, I judged correctly that he would make his way to the up-country station, where I had purchased him a few days previously. Horses frequently traverse great distances in Australia, to return to the station on which they have been bred. Indeed, well-authenticated instances are related of some of these animals having been brought seawards from Sydney to Melbourne; yet, by some infallible instinct, finding their way back overland. I had no concern then for the ultimate loss of my property; but, in the meantime, what should I do? Two-thirds of my journey were already accomplished, and being unacquainted with the country, I knew not where to seek assistance in that locality. I decided, therefore on proceeding, and—there was no help for it—I must walk.

Now, a ten-mile walk was never more than an unconsidered trifle to me; but unfortunately in chasing my vagrant steed, I had strayed from my path. I felt confident, however, that I lay to the left, and accordingly I shaped my course in that direction. It proved afterwards that, in the excitement of the chase, I had crossed the track, so that I now receded from, instead of approaching it.

The scene of my disaster was just at the end of the open country which I had hitherto traversed, and I was now amongst lofty ranges, densely clothed with encalyppt and boxwood, with intervening scrubby gullies, through and across which I now made my way. When previously riding over Coliban plains I had noticed a lofty mountain, with the designation of which I was, at that time, unacquainted; but I have since learned to call it Mount Alexander. This I had been instructed to leave on my right; not finding the bush-track, I imagined that I was getting amongst the adjoining ranges, and therefore deviated still more to the left.

The heat of the day soon began to tell upon me; and remembering the shortness of the distance I had to travel, I relaxed my speed. I had no thought yet of having lost my way; but the incessant exertion necessary to ascend and descend the steep and rocky hills fatigued me greatly. Soon a real danger loomed in perspective. I had long observed what I supposed to be a dense vapor hanging over the neighboring ranges; at length I became conscious that it was smoke; the bush around me was on fire! All the horrors of my situation burst upon my mind, and all the dreadful tales that I had heard, of men burnt to death in the forests, crowded into my remembrance. Anxious to ascertain the full extent of my danger, I climbed a lofty range, and thence gazed out upon a sea of fire, or rather smoke, the dense volumes of which canopied the scene below, and hid the smouldering flames. But in my face blew the wind, hot from contact with the fierce element, and laden with the unmistakable scent of burning timber. My ear, too, caught a low sullen roar, like the sound of distant breakers, and an accompaniment, which I easily recognized as the crackling of the burning mass.

I turned to look for Mount Alexander, but it was not visible from my point of view. I had no resource but to proceed, and trust to events for deliverance. I bitterly repented my imprudence in not returning to the creek, and following its course till I had struck the bush-track.

I hurried on, in the hope of crossing the limits of the fire before

it should reach me; and I was inexpressibly delighted when shortly afterwards I came to a part of the forest which had been already burnt. The blackened earth yet smoked; here and there, heaps of brushwood smouldered, and many of the trees were still on fire. The flames reached from branch to branch, and the huge trunks glowed like red-hot cylinders. Every second, a resounding crash proclaimed the fall of some monarch of the forest; and great care was necessary to avoid the blazing fragments which fell around me. But I felt comparatively safe, for here the greatest enemy was at bay.

I walked a full hour through this monstrous furnace, half blinded and suffocated by the smoke, and my feet so blistered by contact with the hot earth, that I could scarcely support the pain. The skin of my face, moreover, peeled off with the fierce heat, and I perspired to the verge of exhaustion. It was, therefore, with a sensation of intense satisfaction that I at length entered an unburnt space on the slope of the mountain range. It is well known that the slightest obstacle suffices to turn aside the fiery current; and thus it happens that in the very midst of such a scene as I have described, the traveller comes upon a verdant oasis.

Anxious to reach the valley, the appearance of which seemed to indicate the presence of water—from the want of which I was greatly suffering—I descended rapidly, and was about midway, when my attention was arrested by a repeated and peculiar rustling noise in the tall dry grass through which I was walking. Not perceiving anything I moved on; when just as I was about to step on a withered tuft, a diamond snake glided swiftly out of it, and disappeared amidst the scrub. The rustling was now explained. I was in the midst of a snake-heap! These reptiles fly before the bush-fires, which are fatal to them; and an innumerable quantity, driven from their ordinary haunts, had taken refuge in this undevastated spot. I felt at once that my only chance of safety was in my speed; so, picking up a huge stone that lay close by, I rolled it with all my force down the slope, to alarm my unpleasant neighbors, and closely following its course, ran fleetly and safely to the bottom.

I was disappointed in my hope of obtaining water; and now the horrors of thirst were added to my sufferings. Doubts of my path also began to flit across my mind. I could perceive no landmark which might serve as a guide, and could no longer form any idea of my position. Still, I thought I had not greatly wandered from a direct line; and could I but strike the Loddon, which I imagined to lie before me, it would be easy to follow its downward course to Kororook.

After a short pause I proceeded, and soon came to another blazing range, over a portion of which the fire had recently passed. Not caring to plunge again amongst the burning timber, I continued my course up a grassy valley which wound around the base of the hill, and was just congratulating myself on approaching a more open country, when, on turning the corner of a projecting spur, I found myself directly in front of the fire itself. Thrusting my handkerchief into my mouth, I mustered all my speed and made for the black spot on the range, which alone promised safety. Scarcely had I reached it when the flames rushed by with whirlwind speed, crackling and roaring with a fearful sound; and in less time than it takes to write the occurrence, the whole valley through which I had just passed was enveloped in fire and smoke. Had it not been for the haste with which I had quitted the snake-heap, I should undoubtedly have been overtaken at a place where, having no refuge at hand, I must have fallen a victim to the fire. Kneeling on the hillside, I fervently thanked Providence for my preservation, and the act soothed my mind; for I felt after that that I was not alone, even in that dread wilderness.

Up, and on again, over rocks and ranges, now running the gauntlet between flaming trees, and anon forcing my way through tangled scrub, as the undergrowth is locally termed. I presently lost all traces of the fire, and at length entered a small plain; but before this time the conviction had seized me that I was lost in the bush, and therewith came the horrible idea that it might possibly be my fate to wander amidst those deserts till I perished of hunger. I had heard of such cases, had been told of unfortunate wretches whose remains had been found in the wild bush; and so vividly was I impressed with the fear of sharing their dreadful doom, that I penciled my English address on several of my cards, in order that my friends might be informed of my death.

With what joy, then, did I survey the plain before me! Here at least there was hope, for I could see some little distance ahead, whereas, in the heartless country I had left, the prospect was ordinarily limited to a few score yards.

To increase my delight, I had not proceeded far, when I perceived a human being emerge from the ranges, a little in advance of myself; I attempted to call him, but my parched throat refused to perform the desired office until I had plucked a few gum-leaves, and chewed them. Thus refreshed, I loudly shouted, Coo-ee! a cry peculiar I believe to Australia. It is admirably adapted for conveying the voice to a great distance, consisting of two distinct notes—the first loud, shrill and prolonged, the second short and sharp.

The stranger turned readily, and waited for me to come up with him. He was short of stature, and his features were nearly indistinguishable, owing to the thick growth of a rough grisly beard, which straggled unchecked over his bronzed face. His clothing consisted of the ordinary bush attire; a cabbage-tree hat, a blue serge shirt, and muleskin trousers, confined and supported, sailor fashion, by a leather belt, from which was suspended a tin cup or pannikin. Athwart his shoulders he carried his swag (Anglice blankets), and this somewhat disappointed me, for it betokened that he also was a stranger in that locality.

On questioning him, I found that such was indeed the case, for he was travelling in search of employment as shepherd. "But," said he, "it ain't very much odds where I go; I am as likely to get work at one station as another. So, as I know a little about this part of the country, I may as well go your way, and perhaps you'll be able to help me to a berth at Kororook."

Rough and rude as the man was, I would not, just then, have exchanged his company for that of the most polished philosopher in Europe, unless the latter had been as good a bushman as I hoped to find in my new acquaintance.

The heat now became oppressive, and the vertical rays of the declining sun, shining full in my face, almost blinded me, as we crossed that treeless plain. At the further end a herd of cattle were grazing, and near these my companion led the way; the appearance of the country, and the presence of the cattle induced him to expect water in that direction. We were jogging on at a fair pace, when suddenly my blue-shirted friend exclaimed, "I think these bullocks have a mind to stick us up. Look!"

I observed a huge beast, apparently the commodore of the herd, stalking slowly, and with a menacing action of the head, towards us, the rest followed *en masse*. What was to be done? We were at least a quarter of a mile from the timber; and before we could possibly reach its shelter, the cattle would overtake us; when, even if we escaped their horns, we must inevitably be crushed under their hoofs.

"Stand still," said Blueshirt; "they have not begun galloping yet, and may take us for stumps if we don't move."

I had considerable doubt of the animals' instincts misleading them in this way; but it was our only chance. Soon, to my relief, the leader ceased to advance, and throwing up his brawny head, seemed to be snuffing the air. He was evidently puzzled, and in his being so lay our hope. After a few minutes he appeared to have decided on taking no further notice of us; but my companion refused to stir until the beasts were heading in the opposite direction. Then, taking to our heels, we rushed into the covert in hot haste.

I sat down among the trees, faint and weary; hunger and thirst were gaining the mastery over me, and I lost heart at the interminable succession of ranges which now again rose before us. The sun, moreover, was rapidly going down; and no sign of human habitation was anywhere discernible. I refused therefore to quit the plain, without at least a search for water; so we kept along the skirts of the timber, and in a few minutes some tufts of high green, reedy grass betokened its presence. Throwing myself on the ground I drank long and heartily, and never to my apprehension did the best of wine equal the flavor of that delicious draught of water.

And now another sense demanded satisfaction; drawing out our cutty-pipes, blackened by constant use, and a plug of Barrett's twist tobacco, we cut the latter into shavings, and lighting a match, without which the bushman rarely travels, were soon luxuriating.

As the last tiny wreath of smoke floated lazily upward, we buckled our belts tighter and went on. In the conversation which had taken place over our pipes, my companion acknowledged that he was altogether ignorant of the whereabouts of Kororook, but thought he knew

which way to steer for the Loddon. We arranged therefore to ascend the first eminence we came to and endeavor to ascertain our exact position; which, as Blueshirt professed to know every big hill in the colony country, seemed feasible. I have since learned somewhat to distrust the accuracy of these very knowing bushmen; the modest sort are oftener correct.

It was some time before we found a hill sufficiently lofty for our purpose; and when we did how great was my vexation! At no great distance on our right was an eminence which my companion at once declared to be Mount Alexander; so I had wandered all day in a circle, and was now but a few miles from the point whence I started in the morning.

"There is a creek in the bottom," said the shepherd, after a careful survey of the surrounding country; "but it seems dry now, and whether it's Forrest's or Barker's I can't exactly say, though, to my thinking, that little bit of open country that the sun's shining on out there between the trees, is a part of the Loddon plains. And I somehow fancy that yon big hill is called Tarrengower."

"And what then do you suppose is the distance hence to the Loddon river?"

"About five galloping miles."

"Galloping miles!" I repeated. "What are galloping miles?"

"Why, you see, when one is riding the way seems shorter; but as we are a-foot I reckon it ain't less than eight good miles to the Loddon."

Eight miles to the Loddon, and how far afterwards to Kororook I could not guess. My swollen feet and aching limbs seemed to protest against further exertion, and, utterly dispirited, I sank down on a low ridge of white rocks which crested the range. Little did I imagine that at that moment I was seated on a treasury of untold wealth; but those white rocks were composed of auriferous quartz.

"Is there any station near us?" I asked.

"O yes, plenty. Let me see. Campbell's can't be far from here—not above a mile or two; but I don't know exactly where to look for it. Then there's Barker's station close under Mount Alexander; but I fancy that's pretty nigh as far as the Loddon. However, if we follow the bed of the creek down below there, it's bound to guide us to the river, for all the waters hereabouts fall into the Loddon."

Having no better proposition to offer, I assented. We descended the range, and easily tracing the dry channel of the creek, followed its sinuous course for several miles. In some parts it wound amongst granitic rocks; in others, its shallows were so overgrown with herbage as to be barely distinguishable. Once or twice it deepened into large water-holes, at which we slaked our thirst. Presently the last red beams of the sun disappeared and we were enveloped in thick darkness, owing to which, I presume, it was that we crossed the bed of the creek unwittingly, and found ourselves again wandering at random.

Fortunately, before we had quite lost sight of Mount Tarrengower, towards which we were now directing our steps, I had specially noticed the Southern Cross, and recalling to mind our position relatively to the mountain and that constellation, I felt assured that by keeping the left shoulder towards the latter we could not fail to strike the mount. In vain my companion protested that we were going to all kinds of unmentionable places, for I was now certain that we were in the right line. When, therefore, we arrived at a small stream which he was desirous of following to its confluence with the river, I told him that he might act as he pleased, but that, for my own part, I had no mind to blunder after any more creeks—that I knew I was right, and should go on.

He grumbled awhile at my obstinacy, but ultimately yielded, and now appeared as anxious for my guidance as I had previously been for his. We did not strike the exact point aimed at, but skirting the mount itself, urged our way through some narrow, rocky ravines, which seemed the contiguous ranges, and, before long, beheld in the distance something which glimmered with a silvery sheen in the clear starlight.

At this sight, without uttering a single word, we both, obeying a common impulse, ran onward to resolve our hopes and fears. Before us lay a broad and silent river, whose currentless surface plainly revealed the depth of its waters. Doubtless this was the Loddon, but to cross it seemed impossible. Anxiously we sought a fording place, but found none. Provided with long sticks, we entered at various parts, cautiously feeling our way onward; but everywhere a deeper channel intervened, through which the flood impetuously rushed, whilst the height and uncertain nature of the opposite banks forbade any attempt to leap across. In this emergency we agreed to separate, each taking a different course. If either found a practicable ford he was to hail the other.

I had chosen the upward course of the river, and, before I had proceeded far, I discovered a tree lying athwart the stream. Summoning the shepherd, we cautiously crawled along the trunk; but conceive our disappointment when we found that it did not reach the opposite bank by several feet! The distance was not so great, but that we might have leaped it had we been able to obtain firm footing and a clear space; but branches too feeble to bear our weight projected between, whilst beneath us the stream—chafed and fretted by this obstacle to its free progress—ran with a force sufficient to sweep us away, bodily, if by any mischance we failed to reach the shore. I resolved, however, to venture, and carefully raising my body to its full length, paused an instant to steady myself on the extreme end of a broken limb, and sprang forward. As I did so, the heel of my boot struck against a projecting twig, and I was violently precipitated against the bank. In my fall I instantly clutched the soil, and to this I now clung with a death-like grip, seeking, meanwhile, to raise myself from my perilous position. To my horror, I felt the earth giving way with my weight; already the river seemed to claim me as its prey, and I gave myself up for lost. Suddenly a strong arm grasped the collar of my coat, and in a moment I was safe on the turf by the side of the shepherd who, more fortunate or more expert than myself, had landed fairly on the bank.

But now another difficulty beset me. Either in my fall, or when endeavoring to scramble up the bank, I had injured my ankle, and I suffered acute anguish as I limped along. The pain at length became insupportable. I was unable to move another step; so borrowing the shepherd's blankets, I bade him go on and endeavor to obtain assistance.

"No, no," he replied, to my expostulations, "have the blankets and welcome. Many's the night I've slept without any, and I can do so again, specially when it's for a cove in trouble."

Let me observe, in passing, that no disrespect was intended to be conveyed by this word, "cove," which, in Australia bush-phraseology, is commonly used as an equivalent for "master."

Finding it vain to argue the point with my pertinacious companion, I gave it up, and rolling myself in the blankets—for in spite of the heat of the day the night was not over warm—I lighted my pipe, buckled my belt yet tighter, and reconciled myself to my not very agreeable position.

Just then the bark of a dog was borne faintly on the breeze to our delighted ears:

"Hush!—hark! Yes, it is a dog, sure enough. Now we are all right. Coo-ee!"

All was silent for a moment, and then—"Coo-ee!"—we were answered.

And now Blueshirt set off by himself. For some time I could hear his calls, and those of his invisible respondent. Then they ceased altogether, and I judged that he had arrived at some friendly hut. It proved to be no hut, but a head-station, the very Kororook that I was in search of.

Six years ago the solitude of those wild regions in which I had all day wandered was disturbed by hosts of men, armed, not with sword and musket, but with pick and shovel. What sought they there? Gold! Yellow, glittering gold! The wilderness teemed with gold. They found it on the surface of the hills, and beneath the accumulated soil of the valleys. They dived into the bowels of the mountains, and it was there. They shattered the snow-white rocks that capped the ranges, and it was there. Everywhere they wrested from the bosom of the mother earth her glittering treasures. Gold, for which the avaricious toil and the brave shed their life-blood; gold, the idol of the poor and the encumbrance of the wealthy; gold, the root of evil and the source of unnumbered blessings; was to be had for the mere picking up.

I visited the Victorian gold-fields in 1853, and identified the scene of my wanderings. I ascended the hill whence we had described the lofty peaks of Tarrengower and Alexander; but the white rocks were no more; the hammer of the quartz-miner had shivered them to atoms, and many thousands of pounds worth of gold had been extracted from their snowy breasts.

DAVENPORT DUNN:

A MAN OF OUR DAY

By Charles Lever.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "JACK HINTON," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER XXX.—THE OPERA.

A DINGY old den enough is the Hotel Tirlemont, with its low-arched porte-cochère and its narrow windows, small-paned and iron-barred. It rather resembles one of those antiquated hostels you see in the background of an Ostade or a Teniers, than the smart edifice which we now-a-days look for in a hotel. Such was certainly the opinion of Annesley Beecher as he arrived there on the evening after that parting with Davis we have just spoken of. Twice did he ask the guide who accompanied him "if this was really the Tirlemont?" and "if there were not some other hotel of the same name?" and while he half hesitated whether he should enter, a waiter respectfully stepped forward to ask if he were the gentleman whose apartment had been ordered by Captain Davis; a demand to which, with a sullen assent, he yielded, and slowly mounted the stairs.

"Is the captain at home?" asked he.

"No, sir; he went off to the railway station to meet you. Mademoiselle, however, is up-stairs."

"Mademoiselle!" cried Beecher, stopping, and opening wide his eyes in astonishment. "This is something new," muttered he.

"When did she come?"

"Last night, sir, after dinner."

"Where from?"

"From a pensionnat outside the Porte de Scharbeck, I think, sir; at least, her maid described it as in that direction."

"And what is she called—Mademoiselle Violette, or Virginie, or Ida, or what is it, eh?" asked he, jocularly.

"Mademoiselle, sir—only mademoiselle—the captain's daughter!"

"His daughter!" repeated he, in increased wonderment, to himself. "Can this be possible?"

"There is no doubt of it, sir. The lady of the pensionnat brought her here last night in her own carriage, and I heard her, as she entered the salon, say, 'Now, mademoiselle, that I have placed you in the hands of your father—' and then the door closed."

"I never knew he had a daughter," muttered Beecher to himself. "Which is my room?"

"We have prepared this one for you, but to-morrow we shall have a more comfortable one, with a look-out over the lower town."

"Put me somewhere where I shan't hear that confounded piano, beg of you. Who is it rattles away that fashion?"

"Mademoiselle, sir."

"To be sure—I ought to have guessed it; and sings too, I'll be bound?"

"Like Grisi, sir," responded the waiter, enthusiastically, for the Tirlemont being frequented by the artistic class, had given him great opportunity for forming his taste.

Just at this moment a rich, full voice swelled forth in one of the popular airs of Verdi, but with a degree of ease and freedom that showed the singer soared very far indeed above the pretensions of mere amateurship.

"Wasn't I right, sir?" asked the waiter, triumphantly. "You'll not hear anything better at the Grand Opera."

"Send me up some hot water, and open that portmanteau," said Beecher, while he walked on towards the door of the salon. He hesitated for a second or two about then presenting himself, but as he thought of Grog Davis, and what Grog Davis's daughter must be like, he turned the handle and entered.

A lady arose from the piano as the door opened, and even in the half-darkened room Beecher could perceive that she was graceful, and with an elegance in her gesture for which he was in no wise prepared.

"Have I the honor to address Miss Davis?"

"You are Mr. Annesley Beecher, the gentleman my papa has been expecting," said she, with an easy smile. "He has just gone off to meet you."

Nothing could be more commonplace than these words, but they were uttered in a way that at once declared the breeding of the speaker. She spoke to the friend of her father, and there was a tone of one who felt that even in a first meeting a certain amount of intimacy might subsist between them.

"It's very strange," said Beecher, "but your father and I have been friends this many a year—close friends too—and I never as much as suspected he had a daughter. What a shame of him, not to have given me the pleasure of knowing you before!"

"It was a pleasure he was chary enough of to himself," said she, laughing. "I have been at school nearly four years, and have only seen him once, and then for a few hours."

"Yes—but really," stammered out Beecher, "fascinations—charms such as—"

"Pray, sir, don't distress yourself about turning a compliment. I'm quite sure I'm very attractive, but I don't in the least want to be told so. You see," she added, after a pause, "I'm presuming upon what papa has told me of your old friendship, to be very frank with you."

"I'm enchanted at it," cried Beecher. "Egad! if you 'cut out all the work,' though, I'll scarcely be able to follow you."

"Ah! so here you are before me," cried Davis, entering, and shaking his hand cordially. "You had just driven off when I reached the station. All right, I hope?"

"All right, thank you."

"You've made Lizzy's acquaintance, I see, so I needn't introduce you. She knows you this many a day."

"But why have I not had the happiness of knowing her?" asked Beecher.

"How's Kleper?" asked Grog, abruptly. "The swelling gone out of the hocks yet?"

"Yes; he's clean as a whistle."

"The wind-gall, too—has that gone?"

"Going rapidly; a few days' walking exercise will make him perfect."

"No news of Spicer and his German friend—though I expected to have had a telegraph all day yesterday. But come, these are not interesting matters for Lizzy—we'll have up dinner, and see about a box for the opera."

"A very gallant thought, papa, which I accept of with pleasure."

"I must dress, I suppose," said Beecher, half asking, for even yet he could not satisfy his mind what amount of observance was due to the daughter of Grog Davis.

"I conclude you must," said she, smiling; "and I, too, must make a suitable toilet;" and with a slight bow and a little smile, she swept past them out of the room.

"How close you have been, old fellow—close as wax—about this," said Beecher; "and hang me, if she mightn't be daughter to the proudest duke in England!"

"So she might," said Grog; "and it was to make her so I have consented to this life of separation. What respect and deference would the fellows show my daughter when I wasn't by? How much delicacy would she meet with when the fear of an ounce ball wasn't over them? And was I going to bring her up in such a set as you and I live with? Was a young creature like that to begin the world without seeing one man that wasn't a 'leg,' or one woman that wasn't worse? Was it by lessons of robbery and cheating her mind was to be stored? And was she to start in life by thinking that a hell was high society? Look at her now," said he, sternly, "and say if I was in Norfolk Island to-morrow, where's the fellow would have the pluck to insult her? It is true she doesn't know me as you and the others know me; but the man that would let her into that secret would never tell her another." There was a terrible fierceness in his eye as he spoke, and the words came from him with a hissing sound, like the venomous threatenings of a serpent. "She knows nothing of my life nor my ways. Except your own name, she never heard me mention one of the fellows we live with. She knows you to be the brother of Lord Viscount Lackington, and that you are the Honorable Annesley Beecher, that's all she knows of you; sin't that little enough?"

Beecher tried to laugh easily at this speech, but it was only a very poor and faint attempt at all.

"She thinks me a man of fortune, and you an unblemished gen-

tleman, and if that be not innocence, I'd like to know what is! Of where, how, and with whom we pick up our living, she knows as much as we do about the Bench of Bishops."

"I must confess I don't think the knowledge would improve her!" said Beecher, with a laugh.

A fierce and savage glance from Davis, however, very quickly arrested this jocularity, and Beecher, in a graver tone, resumed:

"It was a deuced fine thing of you, Grog, to do this. There's not another fellow living would have had the head to think of it. But now that she has come home to you, how do you mean to carry on the campaign? A girl like that can't live secluded from the world, she must go out into society? Have you thought of that?"

"I have thought of it," rejoined Davis, bluntly, but in a tone that by no means invited further inquiry.

"Her style and her manner fit her for the best set anywhere—"

"That's where I intend her to be," broke in Davis.

"I needly scarcely tell as clever a fellow as you," said Beecher, mildly, "that there's nothing so difficult as to find a footing among these people. Great wealth may obtain it, or great patronage. There are women in London who can do that sort of thing; there are just two or three such, and you may imagine how difficult it is to secure their favor."

"They're all cracked teacups those women you speak of; one has only to know where the flaw is, and see how easily managed they are!"

Beecher smiled at this remark; he chuckled to himself, too, to see that for once the wily Grog Davis had gone out of his depth, and adventured to discuss people and habits of which he knew nothing; but unwilling to prolong a discussion so delicate, he hurried away to his room to dress. Davis, too, retired on a similar errand, and a student of life might have been amused to have taken a peep into the two dressing-rooms. As for Beecher, it was but the work of a few minutes to array himself in dinner costume. It was a routine task that he performed without a thought on its details. All was ready at his hand, and even to the immaculate tie, which seemed the work of patience and skill, he despatched the whole performance in less than a quarter of an hour. Not so Davis; he ransacked drawers and portmanteaus—covered the bed, the chairs, and the table with garments—tried on and took off again—endeavored to make colors harmonise—or hit upon happy contrasts. He was bent on appearing a "swell," and unquestionably when he did issue forth, with a canary-colored vest and a green coat with gilt buttons, his breast a galaxy of studs and festooned chains, it would have been unfair to say he had not succeeded.

Beecher had but time to compliment him on his "get up," when Miss Davis entered. Though her dress was simply the quiet costume of a young unmarried girl, there was in her carriage and bearing as she came in all the graceful ease of the best society, and lighted up by the lamps of the apartment, Beecher saw to his astonishment the most beautiful girl he had ever beheld. It was not alone the faultless delicacy of her face, but there was that mingled gentleness and pride, that strange blending of softness and seriousness, which sits so well on the high-born, giving a significance to every gesture or word of those whose every movement is so measured, and every syllable so carefully uttered. "Why wasn't she a countess in her own right?" thought he; "that girl might have all London at her feet."

The dinner went on very pleasantly. Davis, too much occupied in listening to his daughter, or watching the astonishment of Beecher, scarcely ever spoke, but the others chatted away about whatever came uppermost in a light and careless tone that delighted him.

Beecher was not sorry at the opportunity of a little display. He was glad to show Davis that in the great world of society he could play no insignificant part, and so he put forth all his little talents as a talker, with choice anecdotes of "smart people," and the sayings and doings of a set which, to Grog, were as much myths as the inscriptions on an Assyrian monument. Lizzy Davis evidently took interest in his account of London and its life. She liked to hear about the families of her schoolfellows, some of whom bore "cognate" names, and she listened with actual eagerness to descriptions of the gorgeous splendor and display of a town "season."

And I am to see all these fine things and know all these fine people, papa?" asked she.

"Yes, I suppose so—one of these days, at least," muttered Grog, not caring to meet Beecher's eye.

"I don't think you care for this kind of life so much as Mr. Beecher, pa. Is their frivolity too great for your philosophy?"

"It ain't that!" muttered Grog, growing confused.

"Well, it's a very smart world, too," said Beecher, slyly enjoying the malicious moment of worrying Grog with impunity. "Not so many pretty women in it, perhaps, but plenty of movement, plenty of fun, eh! Davis? Are you fond of horses, Miss Davis?"

"Passionately, and I flatter myself I can ride, too. By the way, is it true, papa, you have brought a horse from England for me?"

"Who could have told you that?" said Davis, almost sternly.

"My maid heard it from a groom that has just arrived, but with such secrecy that I suppose I have destroyed all the pleasure of the surprise you intended me; never mind, dearest pa, I am just as grateful—"

"Grateful for nothing," broke in Davis. "The groom is a prating rascal, and your maid ought to mind her own affairs." Then reddening to his temples with shame at his ill-temper, he added, "There is a horse, to be sure, but he ain't much of a lady's palfrey."

"What would you say to her riding Kleper in the Alice Verte—it might be a rare stroke?" asked Beecher, in a whisper to Davis.

"Do you think that she is to be brought into our knavery? Is that all you have learned from what I have been saying to you?" whispered Davis, with a look of such savage ferocity that Beecher grew sick at heart with terror.

"I'm sorry to break in upon such confidential converse," said she laughingly, "but pray remember we are losing the first scene of the opera."

"I'm at your orders," said Beecher, as with his accustomed easy gallantry he stepped forward to offer her his arm.

(To be continued.)

GRENADE USED IN THE ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

THE illustration representing the hand grenade used by the would-be assassins of the Emperor Napoleon, is from a photograph taken from a grenade now in the possession of the Birmingham police. This terrible instrument of destruction is hollow, of polished steel, filled with fulminating powder. To form an idea of it, it is necessary to imagine a cylinder about ten inches long and six in diameter, terminated by two spherical ends. One of these ends is provided with twenty-five ordinary gun-nipples, screwed in, and furnished with caps, the blow on which, in coming in contact with the ground, is destined to explode the interior. The cylinder (generally represented as being pear-shaped) is slightly bronzed on the exterior, probably to deaden the polish and render the object less catching to the eye. The thickness of the cylinder, when the nipples were attached, is about half an inch; the upper part being much thinner, in order that the superior weight of the former may occasion the detonating caps to strike first upon the ground and explode the machine.

The engineer who made these shells, a highly respectable gentleman, living at Birmingham, has afforded the fullest information he was in possession of respecting the persons who ordered them. He had not the least notion that those from whom he received instructions were refugees, or connected with any political party, cut thought the grenades were for some scientific experiments connected with legitimate warfare.

In the indictment against the prisoners (whose trial commenced in Paris on Thursday, February 25th) the following information respecting the shell found upon Pierri, and its contents, is given: "It was charged with a pale yellow, fine, crystalline, heavy substance, which has been ascertained to be pure unimixed fulminate of mercury. This substance filled more than two-thirds of the hollow of the shell. The weight of the shell, without the charge, was a kilogramme and a half (between three and four pounds). After having drawn the charge and replaced the caps upon the nipples, the experts several times let the shell

fall on the ground from the height of fifty centimetres only, and each time one or more of the caps exploded. They afterwards threw it five or six centimetres before them, at the height of a man's waist, and in every instance some caps exploded the moment it fell."

OUR TURKISH VISITORS.

(Continued from page 243.)

poses. Major Hassan Bey speaks the English language with considerable fluency, and created quite a sensation among those who called upon him, not only by replying in good American, but also by a display of gallantry so natural to well-educated gentlemen.

The announcement that the Admiral and suite would visit the City Hall on Monday, March 9th, attracted a large crowd in front of that building, and by ten o'clock all available seeing room was occupied. It was arranged, so far as the officials of the Government were concerned, that the Mayor should receive the Admiral in the Governor's room. A large police force was in attendance to keep order, a task by no means an easy one, for before the "liens" there were several thousand persons present. After the party, amid a snow storm, arrived at the Hall, the members of it were allowed time to disrobe themselves of their cloaks, they then proceeded to the reception-room. Mayor Tiemann, upon being presented to them, gave a hearty welcome. He said they would have an opportunity of visiting our machine-shops, and ship-yards, and charitable institutions, and witness the workings of our common school system. The Admiral replied briefly through Mr. Oscanian, so widely known throughout the country for his literary ability and as a lecturer. The Admiral said he felt gratified at the cordial welcome he had received, and that he should with his suite take the advantage offered to visit our public institutions. Mayor Tiemann stated further that if there was any particular place which they desired to visit, he would be happy to second their wishes. The Rear Admiral Mohamed Pasha replied that both the government and people of Turkey were anxious to cultivate friendly relations with the people of the United States, and had vested him with authority to express officially that feeling. For himself he was particularly anxious that a reciprocity of sentiment should exist between the peoples and the governments. The Mayor and guests then cordially shook hands, after which the latter were escorted through the picture galleries of the Governor's room, with which they manifested the most earnest satisfaction.

On Thursday the Turkish Admiral and suite made an excursion down the bay, on board of the new revenue cutter Harriet Lane. At an early hour in the morning the Aldermen committees, with carriages, were at the St. Nicholas, and received the distinguished guests. At the City Hall they stopped and received the Mayor, and then drove immediately to Brooklyn. They reached the Navy Yard a few minutes past eleven A. M., and were met at the gate by Captain Root, Acting Commander of the Yard, with Captain Schenck, Commander of the North Carolina; Captain Rowan, Lieutenants Warden, Drake, Corby, Lambert, Purser Gibson, Surgeon Smith, Chief Engineer Gay, and Mr. Graham, Engineer of the Yard, all in full uniform. A company of marines were drawn up, presented arms and saluted as the Admiral entered the gates. At the Commandant's office the party alighted, when Captain Root advancing, took the Admiral by the hand, and in a few words welcomed him and his suite to the Yard. He regretted the absence of the Commodore, on whose behalf he also welcomed him, and said it would give him great pleasure to show him the ships, and also such of the public works as he chose to visit. The Admiral thanked him, expressing the pleasure he felt in thus paying his respects to the officers of the Navy of the United States, and said it was his intention on some future occasion to make a more thorough inspection of the Yard than he could do at present.

The party then proceeded on board the North Carolina. As the Admiral put off to board the ship, the Turkish flag was hoisted at the main, and a salute of fifteen guns was fired in honor of the distinguished visitor. As Mohamed Pasha stepped upon the deck, Capt. Schenck, the commander, addressed to him a few words of welcome, to which he replied appropriately. The seamen were mustered on deck, the marines, under Capt. Tansill, presented arms, and the ship's band struck up a lively air. The party were conducted below, and made a brief inspection of the ship, the Admiral expressing his gratification at the neatness and order of everything he saw.

He was then conducted into the captain's cabin, where the wives and lady friends of the officers were presented; the Admiral, who is a fine-looking man, bowing graciously to each as they were introduced.

Having inspected the receiving-ship, they left and proceeded to the frigate Wabash, which is undergoing repairs—to the Ordnance Department, the Oakum Factory, the Dry Dock, &c., giving but a few moments to each. The workmen, as they returned from dinner, manifested great eagerness to get a view of the strangers.

The new steam revenue cutter Harriet Lane, being in waiting, the Admiral's party went on board, and proceeded down the bay to inspect the harbor and fortifications.

The excursion was an impromptu affair, got up by Mr. Webb, the builder of that beautiful vessel, and but a very few gentlemen were invited to be present. The cutter has not yet been put in commission, though her officers are on board, and in a few days she will go out on a regular trial trip. The Harriet Lane is the very first vessel of her class that has ever been attached to the revenue service, and she will prove of immense benefit to the commerce of this port, where she will doubtless be stationed. The award of building her was made to Mr. Webb by the Secretary of the Treasury, out of thirteen competitors. Among her equipments is a newly-invented gun-carriage, of a very superior construction, made by Mr. Pook, United States Naval Constructor.

The cutter, under the command of Captain Faunce, left the slip, foot of Seventh street, about half-past twelve o'clock, having on board, by a singular coincidence, the two officers of the Russian navy who have been some time in this country on an official tour, Captain Dorr and Mr. Dobbins, of Buffalo, Mr. Pook, United States Naval Constructor, and a few gentlemen of this city, and proceeded to the Navy Yard, where the Turkish Admiral and his suite came on board, and with them Alderman Boole and Councilmen Van Tine and Bunce, who behaved in a very quiet and sensible manner. The cutter proceeded down the bay, saluted as she went by the ringing of bells and the screaming of steam pipes from innumerable vessels of all kinds on each side of the river, which kept up a deafening din until she got past Governor's Island, when a moderate collation of cold beef and champagne was served up, or rather down, for the company had to go down in small squads to the officer's mess-room, which is not capable of holding more than half-a-dozen at a time. The Admiral and the two officers who accompanied him examined everything on board with great care, and seemed to be extremely well pleased. They wore their full uniforms, which were covered up, however, by their blue cloth cloaks.

The cutter rounded to at Fort Hamilton and lowered her flag, upon which the fort responded by a salute of fifteen guns. The ice that lined the shore prevented the party from landing, as was at first intended. The cutter then proceeded up the North River as far as Weehawken, and returned to the ship-yard at the foot of Seventh street at about half-past five o'clock. On this excursion, which was entirely satisfactory to all the parties composing it, our Turkish visitors appeared to be particularly at home, and displayed an ease of manner, and a hearty appreciation of what they saw, that gratified all present.

The Turkish Admiral has visited most of our theatres, at all of which his party was provided with the most prominent private box, upon the face of which appeared, in graceful festoons, the Turkish and American flags. Upon the arrival of the distinguished guests at the several theatres, they were greeted by the audience, which, in every case, rose and gave them three hearty cheers. At Laura Keane's they were particularly delighted, and Major Hassan Bey, who understands the English language sufficiently to comprehend the points of the play, was quite convulsed with merriment. Admiral Mohamed Pasha has expressed himself highly pleased with his reception in New York, and, from all appearances, he will have a pleasant visit, and probably leave the country with a high appreciation of our hospitality, and, we trust, an admiration of our free institutions.

We are indebted to Councilman John Van Tine and Alderman F. J. A. Boole, for their attentions in facilitating our wishes to obtain photographs of the Turkish Admiral and suite for our paper. We cordially acknowledge our obligations to these gentlemen, and their public spirit will be appreciated throughout the country.

ALDERMAN BOOLE,
COUNCILMAN VAN TINE.

MAYOR TIEMANN.

ORCANTAN.

MAJOR SOLYMAN BEY.

ADMIRAL MOHAMED PASHA.

MAJOR HASSAN BEY.

LIEUTENANT SADIK EFFENDI.

RECEPTION AT THE CITY HALL OF ADMIRAL MOHAMED PASHA AND SUITE, BY MAYOR TIEMANN AND THE CITY OFFICIALS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY GURNEY.

OUR TURKISH VISITORS.

THE recent war in the Crimea did much to enlighten the world with regard to the character of Turkey; it made us acquainted with its resources, and set our wise men speculating as to her future destiny. The Turks are spoken of as Asiatics, and it is said that they only camp on the European Continent. The ideas resulting from these suggestions imply that the Moslem has never been cordially received into the family of enlightened nations, and that sooner or later their seat of empire will not intrude within the circle of Christian civilization. It is difficult to destroy a nation; and even if Turkey is destined to finally lose her national existence, it will not be consummated until very many years hence. But so rapid have been the changes in that country, so many reforms have been cordially adopted, so intimate is becoming her intercourse with France and England, and so necessary is her integrity to the "balance of power" among the three great nations of Europe, that Turkey may finally be imbued with an invigorative and regenerative power that will re-establish her position, and carry her through centuries of prosperity.

The Turks are eminently a fine-looking race. This is particularly observable in examining the hundreds of pictures that were published, illustrating scenes in "the late war with Russia." Whenever a group of Turks are represented, particularly if they are officers, the most casual observer cannot fail to notice the fine tall figures and intelligent faces of these men; and among the diplomatic representatives throughout the world, the Sultan's servants are the observed of all observers, amid all the congregated display peculiar to modern court pageantry. Rear-Admiral Mohamed Pasha, at present a guest of our city and country, is a fine specimen of his race, and with his companions fully confirm the favorable opinions we have expressed of the general superior personal presence of the Turkish people. A race, therefore, so favored by Nature with superiority, must have within itself great elements of recuperative energy; once fairly clear of the enervating ideas of "the old times," there is no reason why its members should not inaugurate a new era of existence, and recovering the energy that once made them the terror of all Europe, they may combine it with the progress of the age, and take by right, what is now accorded them only by courtesy, viz., a place among the leading powers of the world.

Many years ago, Henry Echford, one of the most successful ship-builders this country ever produced, by the invitation of the then reigning Sultan, went to Turkey, and superintended the building of a number of ships; he was followed in due time by another American, Mr. Rhodes, not less skilful, if less known than his predecessor.

But in spite of these apparent advantages in favor of our ship-builders, European diplomatists have managed until recently to keep them in the background, and monopolize a most profitable business, which should have been absorbed in our own ship-yards. The appearance of the clipper ship Republic among the fleets of the Allied Powers, her beauty, her superior sailing qualities, her immense size, which made her tower above all surrounding naval contrasts, did more than anything else to place our superiority in shipbuilding at once, not only before Turkey, but other maritime nations.

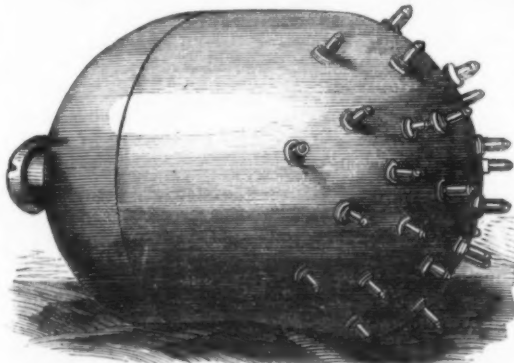
Among the men who noticed this eloquent argument in favor of our mechanics, was Rear-Admiral Mohamed Pasha, who speedily made the fact known to the leading members of his Government; the glorious result has been his official mission to this country, to give our ship-yards a most thorough examination, and most probably to end his visit by leaving two or three orders for first-class vessels for the Turkish navy. This is all that we want; once let two or three American built men-of-war, under the Turkish flag, be seen in the Bosphorus, and it will produce a moral effect, and financial advantage to our people that we can at present hardly realize.

A few years ago, a fair countrywoman of ours, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, with two or three travelling companions, was standing at her hotel window in Constantinople, watching the effects of an after-

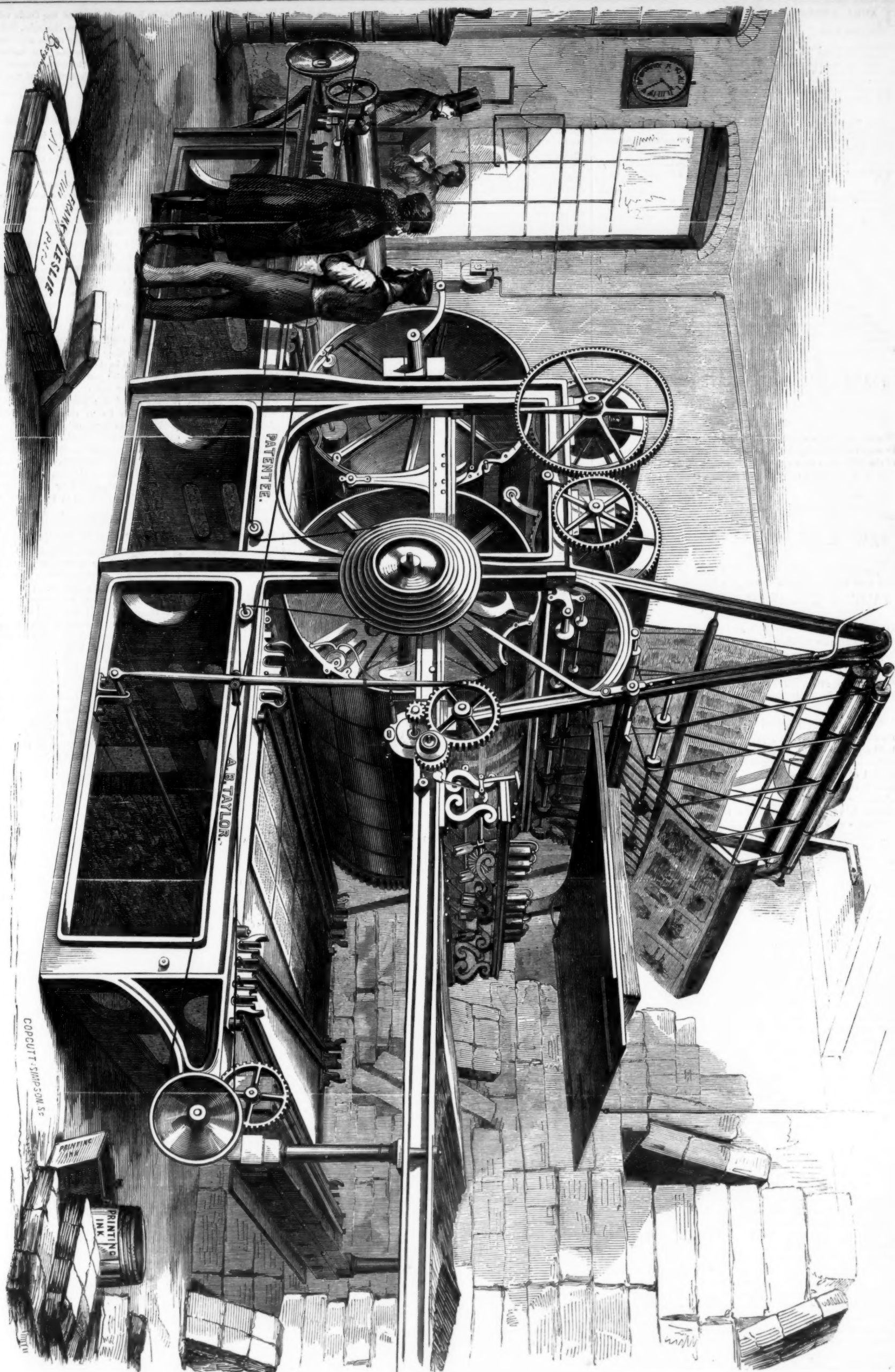
noon sun upon the fairylike scenery of the Golden Horn, when she says a sudden pressure seemed to inspire the air, then a dread sullen noise, as if an earthquake had given vent to its pent-up horrors, shook the surrounding city; an instant afterwards, in the far distant bay were seen flying in the air fragments of sails, broken spars, and mutilated human bodies, the latter in such quantities that they literally darkened the spot over which they rose. Anon all was still, and the fearful cry ran through the streets that the flag-ship Medjidje had been blown up, and with it hundreds of hapless human beings had found an untimely grave. This accident had a serious effect upon the people, and it has since been alluded to as one of those mysterious workings of fate that was fearfully incomprehensible. To replace the fine ship thus destroyed is part of the professed business of Admiral Mohamed Pasha to this country. To give *éclat* to his mission, he is a Rear-Admiral when at sea, a Lord of the Admiralty, and is accompanied, among other distinguished fellow-countrymen, by the son of the High-Admiral of the Turkish navy, and a proper suite.

The appearance of Mohamed Pasha, as we have already insinuated, is very prepossessing. He is nearly six feet high, with a manly face, enough bronzed by exposure to show that he is in active service. His eyes have the fine black brilliant expression peculiar to people of his clime, where the temperate and solar rays so harmoniously struggle for ascendancy. His bearing is that of an accomplished gentleman and man of the world, entirely unlike the traditional proud and conceited Turk of ancient Moslem prejudice. He belongs to the "progressive party" among his countrymen, and everything in his manners, and, we are told, in his conversation, displays a liberal and enlightened understanding. He passed through every grade in his navy until he obtained the captaincy of the Mahmoudigé, a three-decker. During the war in the Crimea, he exhibited great skill and courage at the siege of Sebastopol, for which service he was promoted to his present position of Rear-Admiral. Once in a high position, he soon won the esteem of the Board of Admiralty and the entire confidence of the present Sultan.

Major Hassan Bey, Major Solyman Bey and Lieutenant Sadik Effendi, all three young men and of high position in their own country, form the Admiral's suite. The uniform of these gentlemen, according to our simple ideas and practice, are showy beyond what seems necessary; but, nevertheless, they make the wearers conspicuous in the crowd. The dress of the pasha consists of a red cap, or fez, with a silk tassel, loose pantaloons, and a blue frock-coat; both articles, particularly the coat, are covered with heavy gold embroidery. The epaulettes are remarkably heavy, seeming to be golden shields surrounding the top of the shoulder, rather than the pendant gold bullion ordinarily used for such ornamental purposes. (Concluded on page 247.)



GRENADE USED IN THE LATE ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF THE FRENCH EMPEROR.—SEE PAGE 247.



NEW "PERFECTING PRESS" BUILT BY A. B. TAYLOR & CO., FOR "FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER."—FOR DESCRIPTION SEE PAGE 260.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.—If artists and amateurs living in distant parts of the Union, or in Central or South America, and Canada, will favor us with drawings of remarkable accidents or incidents, with written description, they will be thankfully received, and if transferred to our columns, a fair price, when demanded, will be paid as a consideration. If our officers of the army and navy, engaged upon our frontiers, or attached to stations in distant parts of the world, will favor us with their assistance, the obligation will be cordially acknowledged, and every thing will be done to render such contributions in our columns in the most artistic manner.

ENGLISH AGENCY.—Subscriptions received by Trübner & Co., 12 Paternoster row, London.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, MARCH 20, 1858.

Special Notice.

We repeat what we have frequently said before, that we cannot be responsible for any MSS. sent to us unsolicited. The authors of the MSS. that we accept will be addressed upon the subject. The MSS. which we reject we will not undertake to return.

OUR MAGNIFICENT ENGRAVING

of the

NEW HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES

at

WASHINGTON.

We shall shortly publish this superb Picture, which will be the **LARGEST ENGRAVING EVER EXECUTED IN AMERICA.**

Our Artists have been engaged in its production for several months past, its elaborate architectural details and numerous life figures requiring unusual care and minute finish. Its production will be an era in the art of Wood Engraving in America, and we feel no little pride in presenting it to the Subscribers of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

Great Mechanical Triumph of the Age.

Our engraving faithfully represents the magnificent new Press built especially for us by A. B. Taylor & Co. of this city, upon which our ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is printed. This press is a marvel of delicate and exquisite mechanism. It is the only press in the world that feeds itself with paper, that prints both sides at once, and piles it up uniformly after it is printed at the rate of 1,200 per hour, ready for folding, and all without the assistance of human hands.

To the vast increase of our business may be traced the invention of this perfect piece of mechanism. We found the old presses altogether inadequate to print our immense edition, and urged by our representations, Taylor & Co., after much labor and many costly experiments, at last succeeded in producing a printing press which is perfect in itself, and to which it seems almost impossible to suggest an alteration or improvement. The money and labor expended in this undertaking, and the wear and tear of mind, are amply repaid by the brilliancy of the result.

A few words of explanation cannot fail to be interesting to our readers.

The press is known as the Perfecting Press, built by A. B. Taylor & Co. of New York city; but it is so essentially superior to machines bearing a similar name, and is so much more perfect than any now in use, that it can with justice be held a new invention. The press is twenty-two feet in length, eleven feet in height, and six feet wide; the two cylinders are forty-one inches in diameter, and weigh a ton each; the railway on which the beds (thirty-seven by fifty-one inches) slide, is upwards of fourteen feet long. It dispenses with carrying the sheet, as in the ordinary perfecting press, by tapes; but, on the contrary, by the aid of drums and grippers, the sheet is turned over on its way from one cylinder to another. The large cylinders are close together, and in this respect again differ from the old style of press.

The beds of the press are connected together, having ink-tables at the ends, twenty-nine inches, and in the centre one twenty-three inches, making the ink bed for distributing upwards of twelve feet long. The bed is reversed at each end of its stroke by means of an air chamber, which runs upon a stationary piston on the end of the railway; the piston enters the cylinder and compresses the air which causes the re-actory force which reverses the beds; this beautiful contrivance is known as Taylor's Air Spring. One of the greatest improvements, however, is the shifting tympan. This has often been attempted, but never before successfully accomplished. It consists of thirty yards of cloth hung upon spring bearings; it is made to pay off by a roller working upon its surface, so that the tension is equal whether the roller is full or not. It is so constructed that the tympan can be set to pay off according to the wishes of the pressman; and further, the same surface never comes in the same place a second time. The tympan is taken up by a second roller, which can be set light enough not to tear a paper tympan, or set strong enough to move the heaviest cloth. When the tympan is all run off, which consumes about a half day, it is rolled back by hand, ready to commence its useful work again.

This press has been running night and day for several months, indeed it rarely stops, except to effect a change of forms, which being done, it goes on with its ceaseless labor of printing the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. We can truly say that it has answered all our expectations.

Congress.

THE Senate has a bill contemplating an amendment of the law punishing deserters from the army. But little else was done than discuss the interminable Kansas question. The wish is to force a vote at the earliest possible moment. General Houston presented the resolutions of the Legislature of Texas, relative to the holding of a State Rights' Convention in the event of the rejection of the Lecompton Constitution. A memorial was presented in favor of the establishment of a line of mail steamers between Philadelphia and Brazil. A resolution was offered calling on the President for instructions sent to the United States Marshal of Utah. This summary includes all the business of the week, except speeches on the Kansas question.

In the House, a resolution was adopted directing inquiry into the seizure of the bark Adriatic by the French authorities. Three hundred and forty thousand dollars were appropriated for printing for the Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth Congresses. The Kansas bill was discussed. General Quitman pressed his bill authorizing the President to raise five regiments of volunteers. Mr. Faulkner, of Va., opposed the plan. Mr. Stephens asked leave to print the majority report of the select committee on Kansas affairs. Objections being made, Mr. Stephens said he would take the responsibility of printing the document. At the expiration of the morning hour Mr. Harris introduced his motion with reference to the admission of Kansas, by saying that he and the balance of the minority of the special committee of fifteen felt it due to themselves to present facts showing that the committee had failed to execute the orders of the House. The Speaker decided that the minority could not present a report of the facts; and moreover, that the question raised was not a privileged one. From this ruling an appeal was taken, when the House, by a vote of ninety-seven to one hundred and twelve, refused to sustain the decision of the Speaker. Intense excitement ensued, and an all night session, with its concomitants, appeared inevitable, when Mr. Humphrey Marshall moved a postponement of the subject until to-day, which was agreed to. In Committee of the Whole the Diplomatic Appropriation bill was debated, and a recommendation that it pass was adopted. After a couple of speeches on the Kansas question the House adjourned. The House passed the Consular and Diplomatic appropriation bill, and a bill making an appropriation to pay for repairs to the Norwegian bark Ellen, the vessel which rescued the passengers of the wrecked steamship Central America. The bill allowing the persons engaged in the Arctic searching expeditions to receive medals from the British Government was also passed. The question on the appeal of Mr. Harris from the decision of the Speaker with reference to the action of the minority of the Kansas committee was then taken up, and an animated discussion of the points of parliamentary law bearing on the case ensued. A motion that both branches of the committee present their papers, and that the further consideration of the subject be postponed till Tuesday next, was objected to, and a motion to lay the pending appeal on the table was negatived by a vote of 109 against 111. Mr. Harris finally withdrew his appeal, saying he would let the majority of the committee take the chances for the introduction of their report.

Foreign.

THE announcement of the resignation of Lord Palmerston, and the formation of a new Ministry occupy the columns of the British press. Lord Derby is the new Prime Minister. In Paris the trial of the conspirators against the life of Napoleon occupied the public mind, and arrests were continually taking place. The *Invalide Russe* has a long article, which calls for the expulsion from England of refugees convicted or suspected of being mixed up with conspiracies against the lives of European Sovereigns. The news from China is interesting. Canton is entirely in the possession of the Allied forces. On the 6th of January, Commissioner Yeh, Tah Kwei, the Governor of the Province, and the Tartar Commander-in-Chief, were made prisoners. Yeh was taken in the dress of a coolie, and sent on board of her Britannic Majesty's ship *Inflexible*. In all these events in China, so glorious to the arms of England and France, the Americans have taken no part, but have been, by the imbecility of our Government, grievously insulted by the Chinese authorities. The treasury of the city of Canton was captured, the amount of silver was large, but the sum is not given.

In the trial of the French conspirators, no person was admitted after half past ten o'clock on any pretence whatever, and if any one left the court he could not again return. The prisoners, who were all dressed in black, are all young men, with the exception of Pierri, who is middle-aged; they all seem composed, and listened with attention to the proceedings. The early part of the day was taken up with the reading of the indictment, which is of great length. There are no less than thirty-three witnesses. Comes denied any participation in the act; he only knew of it at the last moment. Rudio confessed everything; he threw one bomb; he incriminated the rest of the prisoners. Orsini confirmed his former account, and accepted the full responsibility of the part he had taken in the affair; he confessed that he wanted to kill the Emperor, and he was ready to die; he never confided his intention to Mr. Allsop. M. Bernard brought the bombs to Brussels, but did not know for what purpose they were intended; would not say anything as to the other prisoners. Pierri denied all participation in the conspiracy until the day the attempt was made, and then repented. Most of the witnesses were heard. Mr. Taylor, of Birmingham, England, who manufactured the bombs (see description elsewhere), did not answer to the call of his name. On the 26th of February the prisoners were sentenced—Orsini, Rudio and Pierri to death; Comes was found guilty, with extenuating circumstances, and sentenced to hard labor for life.

In India the mutineers are still swarming around Lucknow, making an aggregate force of sixty thousand men. It is presumable that Sir Colin Campbell will soon meet them in the field, and very likely they will be dispersed. Sir James Mountstewart Jackson, Captain Patrick Orr, Lieutenant Barnes, Sergeant and Major Morton, Miss Madeline Jackson, and Mrs.

Patrick Orr, were known to be in the hands of the Oude rebels. It was hoped that they would be spared as hostages, but the thirst for blood is still unquenchable. All the males were blown from the guns in the first week of this month. The ladies are still alive, but in confinement. The Governor-General has offered a lack of rupees for each, but it is feared that the offer will have no effect.

The "Jester" of the *Courrier des Etats Unis*.

THE *Courrier des Etats Unis* keeps a jester! Yes, in imitation of the monarchs of old, it keeps a "jester," a very motley! But the dignity of the office has degenerated with the lapse of time, and our modern jester partakes more of the character of the Merry Andrew of the circus, than the solemn fool of the past centuries. The French *Courrier* is a clever little paper, and speaks out the little mind it has with as much freedom as if one man did not grind the souls of the whole nation under the heels of his boots. But it should not keep a comic man to tell stories of its neighbors. We are not angry with the little fellow, but we must correct him for his shortcomings in the way of truth. A recent issue of the *Courrier* gives an apocryphal account of an interview with the Turkish Admiral. After exhausting the worn-out lively impertinences usual with distinguished itemizers, the writer wishes to get the fictitious visitor out of the presence gracefully, and to do so has recourse to one other little delicate no-such-thing. He says that his retreat was covered by the entrance of Mr. Leslie, "who had come to see if one of his old stereotyped portraits could be made, with a little alteration or addition, to look like the Admiral, and be used in the *Illustrated Newspaper*." Now the comic man of the *Courrier* possibly lied to get into the presence, and certainly lied to get out of it. Mr. Leslie never visited the Turkish Admiral, and the portraits in the present issue are from photographs taken for us specially by Gurney. Moreover, the money paid every week for original drawings and engravings alone in our establishment would keep the whole working force of the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, including its Merry Andrew, for three months. We have, however, an old stereotype representing that animal which spoke for Balaam, which without alteration or addition, would be recognized by every one as a correct portrait of the fashionable jester kept by the *Courrier des Etats Unis*.

The Right of Sanctuary in England.

UPON the threshold of the despotic nations of Europe is found a place of refuge for those who either fly or are driven from their country because of their political opinions. This spot is the hope of the oppressed, the terror of the oppressor. The right of the oppressed to seek the shores of England, as a secure sanctuary from the deadly grasp of those who hold their subjects' lives at will, becomes more offensive to the crowned despots from the fact that the people of England guarantee it, and that against their guarantee the wish of their rulers, had they the wish, is powerless to abrogate it, or bate one jot of the hospitality and freedom it insures.

That the European sovereigns have submitted with an ill grace to this political sore so near their body corporate, is a matter of history. Remonstrances have not been spared, in the hope of abating this crying evil, but no ministry was ever powerful enough to dare to propose a measure that would interfere with a constitutional right held so sacred in the hearts of the British people, and so inextricably interwoven with the freedom which they claim as their birthright.

The recent attempt upon the life of the Emperor Napoleon, and the assumed fact that the conspiracy in which it originated was designed and consummated in England, has given occasion for a strong remonstrance or appeal from the French to the English Government. This remonstrance or appeal received additional force from the fact that the French army, regiment by regiment, had addressed the Emperor, congratulating him upon his escape, using expressions of the bitterest hatred against Great Britain, and begging to be led into the heart of "this den of assassins." These addresses were published in the *Moniteur*, then apologized for by the French Emperor, and simultaneously Lord Palmerston brought a bill into Parliament to regulate the right of asylum. This bill was strongly discussed, and, being lost by a majority, the Ministry resigned—Lord Palmerston going out and Lord Derby going in. Now, more than ever, this right of asylum will trouble European monarchs, for the voice of a proud, free nation has been heard asserting its rights, and that voice will speak to the hearts of every people of the Continent, breathing a bright hope for the future.

Louis Napoleon has irretrievably damaged himself with the English people, and although the *entente cordiale* may be sustained between the Governments, the national sympathies are completely severed. Still the great game of politics that the two nations are playing together will bind them in one common interest for some time to come, and prevent them from turning against each other the arms they are now wielding in a common cause. Long may such a collision be avoided!

One great lesson has been taught by the proceedings in the British Parliament—the omnipotence of the voice of a free people; that while America and England give shelter to the oppressed, the cause of freedom will not die out in Europe.

Trial of Colonel Sumner, U.S.A.

THE Court-Martial for the trial of Colonel Sumner met at Carlisle Barracks, Pa., on the 9th of March. The proceedings closed on the 12th. The defence urged by Colonel Sumner's counsel was, that the letter sent by Colonel Sumner was not a challenge, but merely an invitation to go to some point away from the seat of Government, when the correspondence could be renewed. The intention seemed to be clearly proved. The court closed its session; and, in accordance with military usage, under the oath of secrecy, sent its decision to the Secretary of War, who alone can publish the verdict to the world. The tone of public opinion seems to be decidedly against General Harney.

—A fugitive slave who has arrived at Liverpool from New Orleans, stowed away in the hold of a cotton ship, is now the most prominent lion in that city.

—A bill has been introduced in the Pennsylvania Legislature to suppress the practice of carrying deadly weapons. It gives the courts power to sentence the offenders to the penitentiary.

— The U. S. ship *Niagara* sailed on Saturday, the 6th, from the Brooklyn Navy Yard for England, to engage in her proposed expedition of assisting in laying the Atlantic submarine cable.

— Generals Walker and Henningsen, Col. Anderson, and the Stribner officers generally have been received with great honors on board the *Wanderer*, at New Orleans.

— The old Episcopal church, recently destroyed by fire at Woodbridge, N. J., was the oldest Episcopal church edifice in the State, having been built in 1754—104 years ago.

— Priscilla Green, approved Minister of Friends, from England, has given in the Hester street meeting-house an excellent orthodox discourse to a very large meeting.

— The steam-propeller *Dispatch* went to sea lately under sealed orders. Her destination is not known, but there is a rumor that she is bound to Mississippi, to look after the slavers which are supposed to rendezvous at Pearl River.

— The comet discovered at Cambridge Observatory on Jan. 4th is yet visible. This comet is believed also to be periodical, and to be identical with that which was seen in 1790.

— The *Charleston Mercury* is advocating a steamship line between that port and Marseilles.

— It is reported that Prince Alfred, second son of Queen Victoria, has been appointed midshipman in the *Euryalus*, a fifty-one gun screw frigate, now preparing for a three years' cruise.

— Clarence D. Sackett, of the New York Bar, recently died suddenly of congestion of the lungs, and his decease so affected his brother, Grenville A. Sackett, that he was seized with apoplexy, and died the next day. The brothers were buried together.

— The veteran Col. Thomas H. Benton is now engaged in preparing a life of Andrew Jackson.

— Chief-Engineer Lander, of the South Pass Wagon Road Expedition, passed through town recently, having in charge the body of Calvin S. Croker, assistant-engineer, who died suddenly in Washington. Mr. Croker was a member of the Advance Exploring Party. His remains are to be taken to Portland, Me.

— The Relief Association of Newark distributed, during the month of February, 380 tons of coal.

— Rev. N. W. Taylor, of Yale College, died lately in New Haven, in the 72d year of his age. It was to him that President Buchanan recently addressed his celebrated answer to the New Haven memorialists.

— Mr. Taylor has cleared himself of the charge of firing the Pacific Hotel at St. Louis, by proving an alibi.

— Monroe Stewart, one of the McKeesport murderers, who was recently pardoned, but subsequently held for another trial, died at Pittsburgh on the 9th ult. of smallpox.

— One hundred and nineteen young men graduated from the Medical Department of the New York University last week.

— The ship *Underwriter*, from Liverpool, has arrived at this port with twenty-five Mormon passengers, including a nephew of Brigham Young, bound for Salt Lake City.

— A printer in Boston has become insane through the excitement of Spiritualism, and is now an inmate of the Somerville asylum.

— It is said that Prince Frederick William, according to the ancient usage of Prussia, that all the Princes of the royal family must learn a trade, has acquired the compositor's trade in the printing office of Mr. Hanel, at Berlin.

— Captain Moodie, of the Cunard steamship *America*, has been presented with a silver trumpet by his passengers.

— A project is on foot to establish a publishing-house for the blind in the Southern States. It is proposed to publish the standard works of the English language.

— The schooner *Inkermann*, from Newfoundland for Halifax, was wrecked on the *Jedore* Ledges on the 20th ult. All were lost except one seaman, who is severely frozen.

— Mr. Coffin, of Montreal, won the silver cup at the recent Snow-shoe races of the Montreal Shoe Club.

— Bishop Simpson, of the M. E. Church, arrived by the *Europa*. He visited England and Ireland last summer as a delegate to the Wesleyan Conference, and he extended his tour through Europe and the East.

— The New Orleans Chess Club have sent Howard Staunton a challenge to play against Paul Morphy for \$5,000 a side—the Englishman to be reimbursed \$1,000 for travelling expenses in crossing the ocean, in case he is conquered.

— A number of wealthy Jews of the Synagogues of this city have undertaken to supply the Israelitish poor with unleavened bread for the approaching Passover. Fifteen thousand pounds of bread will be required, and eleven thousand have already been subscribed for.

— The celebrated yacht *Wanderer* is said to be one of the finest specimens of naval architecture afloat. She is the best as well as the largest yacht in the world, 243 tons in measurement, and as fleet as the wind.

— The inhabitants of Portland, Me., have been startled by two distinct shocks of an earthquake, so severe as to shake even the massive granite walls of the Custom House.

— Mr. Meagher has sailed for Central America, to collect literary materials. He is accompanied by Don Ramon Paez, of Venezuela, an accomplished geologist, botanist and draughtsman.

— Mrs. Mary H. Doane, mother of the Bishop of New Jersey, died a few days since at Burlington, in the eighty-fourth year of her age.

— The American residents at Macao have asked that a United States ship of war might be sent there for their protection and refuge in case of a revolt, and Commodore Armstrong has sent the sloop-of-war *Portsmouth* to their relief.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WEDNESDAY, WILLARD'S HOTEL.

To a keen observer, we question if Washington is not the most remarkable spot on earth. A moment's reflection will prove the truth of this assertion. Like the Irish counsellor, who proved that his client had not murdered his wife, by showing, first, that he had never been married, and then producing in open court a woman whom he also proved was the man's wife and the murdered woman at the same time—so I commence by saying that the city of Washington, D. C., is "unique." In the first place, it is the only city in the world entirely devoted to politics; its Alpha and Omega being legislation. It has, in fact, nothing else to do. It is the great national store of American legal manufactures. Without letting my Americanism carry me too far, I will say, and say fearlessly, that the Congress assembled at Washington is the most singular in the world. Barnum's Museum isn't a circumstance to it. It is next door neighbor "to the Federation of the World" spoken of by Longfellow in his "Locksley Hall."

[Our correspondent is wrong here; he is evidently more posted up in politics than poetry. The poem and phrase are Tennyson's! We are obliged to use this method of correcting his error, being pledged not to alter his manuscript. This will account for some opinions on men, manners and measures, which must not be considered as endorsed by us.—ED. FRANK LESLIE'S ILL. PAPER.]

The nearest approach to the British Parliament; but in a square area of six hundred miles there cannot be that marvellous variety as exhibited in our Congress. Here in one little spot of a few square miles are crowded together, like drums in a fig, the leading men of a place which stretches one way from the boreal to the equator, and the other from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In point of fact, an estate almost as broad as it is long! Here the Western man nearly dislocates the vertebrae of a Boston man, by giving him a steam engine thump on the back, as he pokes a cigar into one side of his mouth, and forces him to swallow part of a demijohn of brandy with the other.

The Down-easter has, however, his revenge, for he confuses the moral perceptions and physical sensations of his debauches by the freezing insertion of a cold hand into the other's hearty palm, as though it were a frozen fish slice, and during the paralysis, gets him to vote for a bill in favor of hickory hams, wooden nutmegs, and Connecticut clocks.

But I must jump out of philosophy and go plump into facts. Look at London, Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Vienna, in short, every other capital city in the world. They are the chief cities of their respective empires. The best located metropolis in the world is London. It is the Gibraltar of free thought steadily looking at Europe—not so near to the Joinvilles and Napoleons as to be acces-

sible at the dash of an extempore invasion, and yet not so far away as to be lulled into a false security. It is the base of the British brain. Now, Washington is the heart of our legislation, but not of our republic. London and Paris are miscellaneous bazaars, where everything can be bought from a German sausage to an epic poem, a park of artillery to a Chinese cracker, a prima donna to a penny whistle, or a seat in Parliament to a pig in a poke. In those cities you can meet philosophers, poets, parsons, painters, players, printers, princes, peers, publishers, pedants, pedlars, pagans, politicians, pharisees, paragons, patriots, paupers, physicians, patients, pilots, pirates, prodigies, puritans, puffers, playwrights—in a word, the whole family of Peabodys, *alias* the human race. In Washington, D. C., however, we can only meet with that species of peace-commencing with a President and a patriot, and gradually getting "small by degrees and beautifully less," till it comes to politicians and place-hunters.

With such a peculiar view of human nature I need hardly tell you that I find peculiar pleasure in scrutinizing Washington society, since it is equally pronounced by friends and foes the corruptest on earth. I shall endeavor to see how far it deserves such a rare distinction, or whether it is really, as Bourcault says,

"By merit raised to that bad eminence."

[Our correspondent means Milton. We take this opportunity of requesting our readers not to pay any attention to his poetical extracts. His knowledge of politics is, however, undoubted. A man cannot be a Napoleon and a Florence Nightingale at the same time.—ED. F. L. I. P.]

When I parted from you so abruptly on Monday midnight, at the Opera House, Fourteenth street, I had intended returning to you, but meeting Mr. Ullman, he kept me so long over a glass of lager beer and his new pronouncement of Fry's "Leonora," that I felt sure you would be nearer your "first nap" than inclined to listen to the "third Napoleon of Fiddledom's toolerens." [Can our correspondent mean Tuileries?—ED. F. L. I. P.]

As I had a day to spare I stopped at Trenton and called on Colonel Kaye, who welcomed me at his excellent hotel, the United States. His charming daughter Lydia is married. The ex-Governor of New Jersey, Rodman Price, was here, in company with Edwin Stevens. They had been on a visit to Commodore Stockton, and were full of the old sea lion's praise. Dear old Commodore, how well I remember nine years ago a shooting excursion with him and the great Daniel Webster, over the fields of Jersey. The recollection of the chowder is almost too much for me even now.

I was about bidding adieu to the ex-Governor, when Billy Wright, the great saddler of Newark, and Senator for New Jersey, came up; he had just received a despatch from his associate, Senator Thompson, urging him "to speed with all haste" to Washington, to save the administration. We, therefore, all three took the train; our conversation being private, is not, of course, fit for publication. I came to the conclusion that, if ever a man had his heart in his business, it was Billy Wright, the saddler, for he rode his hobby to death, which was a rooted animosity to a distinguished New Jersey politician and General.

At Philadelphia got out to stretch my legs and smoke a cigar. I consequently lost the train and had to go to Girard's Hotel for shelter. Although somewhat annoying, as it involved expense, it afforded me an opportunity of calling upon some old friends, among others, Colonel Forney. I found he was in Washington, but in his place I met with his sub., Dr. Mackenzie. Strange to say, although of considerable reputation in literature, I had never before heard of this gentleman; as, however, I am merely a politician, and don't care a fig for poets and those sort of things, I hope he will excuse my candid confession of ignorance. I must admit he did the honors well; he was so genial that I fully expected him to ask me to dine with him. He did not, however; although, when he gathered from my conversation that I was going to leave Philadelphia on the Wednesday, he said, "Ah! then you can't dine with me on Saturday—the only day I have to spare?" As this was not a direct invitation, of course I could not say that I would stay over Saturday; otherwise, he was so frank, genial, full of anecdote, and such an excellent man of business and pleasure, that I thought I should have waited. As it was, I asked him to take a lunch with me at Jones's, which he agreed to. He told me that he was born in Cork; knew John Brougham, to whom he bears so amazing a resemblance, he said, that he was once taken for him, and compelled to perform in "Pocahontas," despite his counter protestation. He has a son with him here, a little fellow of six years old, of whom he is very fond. Let me confess to seventeen whiskey punches; as the clock struck seven the doctor rose, shook me by the hand, and said, "I must go—the mails are in—I have to write up the foreign news!" We grasped each other's hands warmly, and I hope we shall meet again in both worlds.

Next morning I arrived here, and put up in my old rooms at Willard's Hotel. As the renowned Navy Agent is located near to me, and is an old chum of mine, I need hardly add that, before the night closed, I was obliged to join his merry group. George N. Sanders is a curiosity. You know, of course, he was raised in Kentucky, of which State his father is one of its worthiest citizens. At one time George Sanders was grand vizier to Live Oak George, who started a comic journal called *Young America*, to joke himself into a nomination. This was too much, however, of a joke, and the laugh did not come in at the right place. Sanders spent nearly twenty thousand dollars in advocating the claims of Douglas for the Presidency, in opposition to Pierce; but owing to a discreet opposition to Buchanan, he made peace with Pierce, and got his Consulship to London. Linn Boyd and Zadock Pratt were dead against him, owing to his poking fun at them in his magazine. Mrs. Boyd is well known to wear the breeches, and when he had her portrait put into the *Democratic Review* as the Bloomer President, with corkscrew ringlets, the solemn henpecked Linn Boyd boiled over, and was buoyed up to bubbling heat. A challenge was the consequence, and one afternoon (April 1st, 1853), two horsemen, that is, Sanders and Boyd, might not be perceived crossing over to Weehawken, to *encore* Burr and Hamilton. "Cos why?" Linn Boyd had no nether garments to appear in—they being misappropriated by his better half, or nether end. Sanders, Reilly, M. O. Roberts, Law, and a talking Irishman, waited two hours, and would, no doubt, be waiting there now but for a bottle of Otard which Live Oak George always carries in his huge pockets. This put a little common sense into their craniums, and as Sanders had a bundle of cigars in his pocket a smoke was considered as no bad substitute for fire, more especially as most men, even a Greeley, can stand a smoke; but very few, save a Scott or a Wellington, can stand a fire. The result was that in the exuberance of the moment Sanders touched his hair trigger and shot a cow that was grazing peacefully at a little distance. The bellowing of the favored animal suggested that a retreat was advisable, more especially as the animated target belonged to Judge Brandis, who might probably be a man of such a narrow mind as not to overlook "a shot at the mother of his calves;" they consequently vanomed to the Atlantic Hotel, where they could command the boats; that is, see who came over in them. The party were enjoying a bottle of Mumm, when George saw a strong-minded woman towing along a timid-looking Senator—whether it was the Mumm or the cowhide in the hands of the female Aquafortis I cannot decide—but, as the Scriptures say, "Sufficient to the day is the cowhide thereof," I close my letter. I am terribly tired, and as I have to lobby to-morrow I must go to bed. I must delay a rich story about Zadock Pratt till my next. PICKLES.

GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

Why we go Shopping.

SOME ill-mannered wretch—we are not quite sure, from the style of his communications, whether he is a surly old bachelor, or a cross wretch who has quarreled with his wife, and is fresh from a matrimonial passage at arms—ventures to question the propriety of the ladies spending so much time and trouble, to say nothing of the money, in the oft-repeated carnival of shopping, and wants to know if that institution can't be abolished?

Think of any one's daring to ask such a question? We are glad we're not in that man's shoes when he goes home to his wife. Where's our opera glass? let's take a look at the fellow. Send for Barnum, and authorize him to have the wretch stuffed, and put in a glass case at the Museum, there to be a butt for the everlasting indignation of the female world. We can fancy just how he looks—a withered, yellow-faced little specimen of anatomy, with a rusty hat, a ragged cravat, and a countenance all seamed with complaining wrinkles!

Why, what would become of the prosperity of the nation if the ladies were to stop going shopping? It is not alone to purchase yards of ribbon and pieces of muslin that we sailly forth, radiant in our rainbow silks and nodding plumes; it is to study human nature, and to observe the manifold revolutions of the

wheel of fashion. If we did not go shopping, we should fall woefully into the car as regards style and *ton*. Only imagine how horrid it would be for us to appear in Broadway with our bonnets a quarter of an inch further on our heads than other people wore them! Think of the agonies of mortification we should endure if our more antique trailed half a foot less on the pavement than our next neighbor's Bayadère. It's enough to make a cold dew start out on our brows merely to imagine such a contingency. And then, if we did not see Mrs. Jones's new diamond brooch with our own eyes, how could we consistently attack our husbands or fathers for a pearl cross from the same establishment?

Besides all this, we are confident that this national custom of ours contributes in no small degree to the peace of mind and well-being of gentlemen in general. How else can they get rid of their surplus money, than by sending their wives and daughters out to invest it in business velvet and glimmering silks? And what would become of those snoring exquisites who derive such unalloyed pleasure by balancing themselves on the hotel steps in gorgeous swarms, and passing judgment on the respective charms of the dear little creatures who trip by in Chantilly veils and high-headed gaiters? They would wither, and grow pale, like cabbages in a cellar—they would pine away and die, like broken burdock stalks!

To show our new dresses; to criticize our neighbor's garments; to keep up with the style; to put roses into our cheeks; to pass away the time; to look into the shop windows; and to gossip with our acquaintances; that is why we go shopping!

The Mighty Musselman.

Why don't somebody come forward and assert our feminine rights? What business have the brutes of Councilmen and these other creatures to take the great Pasha out sleighing and round to the theatres, and never once think of asking us ladies to go too?

But we are determined to catch a glimpse of this spring of Oriental aristocracy. He "received" the ladies of the St. Nicholas, and he'll "receive" us likewise—or we'll know the reason why! We intend to put on our finest bonnets, our largest extension hoops—clay, though—perhaps it would be in better taste to wear Balmorals, for they say the Eastern taste runs to bright colors—and our richest flounced silks, and demand an audience of the Rear-Admiral, as representative in general of the American womanhood!

Must we make a *salade*, or will an expansive courtesy do as well? Will he take off his red velvet cap, or will he only touch the tassel of it? How are we to find out about his harem of wives? If we say "How is Mrs. Mohamed?" will that include the whole, or must we repeat it as many times as there are Mrs. Pashas? In that case, won't our inquiry be rather embarrassing on both sides? Will it be best to ask after the little Pasha-lins? If he offers us a merecham, what are we to do? If he makes us a polite little speech (as no doubt he will do), can we be morally sure that Mr. Ouseley will repeat it correctly to us? And will he think it strange that our faces are now all muffled up in white linen veils and wrappers? Who'll satisfy our curiosity on all these points?

And why hasn't he brought over half a dozen or so of his wives, to see their American sisterhood? We would like to see one of our dignitaries venturing across the water without taking his wife too! The Turkish ladies can't have much spirit, certainly!

It is darkly rumored, however, that the Admiral, or one of his suite, made the sly and portentous remark, on this circumstance being alluded to, that although they hadn't brought over any ladies, they meant to *take back* plenty of them!

Haven't you reckoned without your host, this time, Mr. Mohamed Pasha? He is going to coax the timid, fluttering little American doves into your eagle's eyrie beyond the sea? Are we going to Constantinople, to be the four hundred and fiftieth claimant for your gracious smiles and good-will, and to put our throne of dominion with a swarm of scowling moon-faced beauties? Not we! as long as there are so many nice young men in Yankee land, who would give their very moustaches (and that's saying a good deal) for a glance of our eyes, and whom we could have all to ourselves, from the top of their curly heads to the sole of their patent-leather boots?

No, no, Mr. Rear Admiral! They say you're rather a good-looking man, in spite of your swarthy complexion—with beautiful Oriental eyes, a captivating moustache and not a bad figure; but for all that, you will have to go back solitary and alone, as you came; you can't coax any of our American beauties back to Turkey with you!

The Gay World at Washington.

There is not much fasting and humiliation among the Washington population, even though it be the solemn season of Lent. Brilliant receptions have taken place at Attorney-General Black's and Secretary Thompson's. Miss Saunders' ball has turned the heads of half the metropolis. Sir William Gore Ouseley's first *soirée* has come off, and a party at Mrs. Senator Dixon's has elicited much remark, all within a short time.

Artists' Reception at Dodworth's.

The last of these delightful literary and artistic reunions took place at Dodworth's Rooms on Friday evening, the 12th instant. The saloon was crowded with our best society—the ladies in full dress, and the gentlemen in the best possible spirits. Dodworth's band discoursed delightful music, and the exquisite paintings of Kensett, Hart, Hall and Shattuck, the drawings of Darley, and many other works of art fastened the eyes of the spectators.

Among the distinguished guests was Hon. Charles Sumner, United States Senator from Massachusetts, whose presence added charm to the evening.

This gathering broke up about midnight. It is the last of a brilliant series which have been eminently successful in their object of bringing the artists, the *littérati*, and the people of New York together in a succession of social reunions. Although they present none but intellectual attractions, they have become central magnets, around which revolve the brightest stars of our New York world.

There are about fifty subscribers, and the receptions are to be continued next winter.

A Christening among the Creme-de-la-Creme.

An interesting ceremonial is soon to take place before the baptismal font of one of the aristocratic churches of Washington. The infant daughter of a distinguished member of Congress from New York will be christened, and President Buchanan is to officiate as godfather, while the beautiful Mrs. Senator Ellsall takes upon her dimpled shoulders the responsibilities of god-mamma. A brilliant *dejeuner à la fourchette* follows, which is to be one of the happenings of the season.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The Soirees of the Prince Napoleon.

THE *soirées* at Prince Napoleon's, although amongst the gayest and most amusing of all, may almost be considered as bachelor's parties, as the number of invitations to the ladies never exceeds twenty; amongst them the Princess Mathilde and four ladies of her suite are always present.

These entertainments are conducted on the most splendid scale. An opera, sometimes a ballet, by the first artists, succeeds the banquet. To the theatrical representation alone are the ladies invited. On their withdrawing, a supper of the most exquisite description is served, then the real business of the night begins. Some celebrated singer is invited to entertain the company with choice bachelor songs, either Nadaud's or Beranger's, in which the merriment is somewhat rapid; and recitations from various poets, whose wit may best accord with the humor of the hour, then follow, and the evening concludes at dawn.

A Perfect Jewel of a Woman—The Princess Diamantina.

The great ball at the Venezuelan Minister's is the only "happy incident" of the week. Here the diamonds outshine every specimen of Parisian splendor which has yet been beheld. One lady—who stood for a moment motionless in a doorway, forced thither by the crowd, forming the focus upon which were directed the rays of the wax lights in the chandeliers opposite—literally produced an exclamation of surprise from the whole company, from the absolute blaze of light which she seemed to project from head to foot. This lady is the wife of a Brazilian gentleman, the owner of the most productive diamond mines in the whole world, and, for many years, it has been his gallant and loyal custom to bestow upon his wife the whole produce withdrawn from the mine during the month of the year in which they were married. The number and value of the lady's jewels has thus gone on increasing, until the collection she owns at this moment is said to throw that of many crowned heads completely in the shade. To give an idea of the quantity of diamonds which decorated her person, we can only say that the whole stomachacher of the dress, and the *quilles* on each side of the skirt, were formed of a net-work pattern of diamonds, while the corage was surmounted with a row of a larger size, and the head-dress composed of a *révêche* of the same, from which, on either side, and down the back of the neck, hung large tassels, entirely of diamonds. The lady has received, ever since the display, the sobriquet of the Princess Diamantina.

An Impartial Judge.

The owner of a farm near Paris the other day brought a complaint against the officers of the Imperial Guard for shooting, without permission, over the preserve for which he paid two thousand francs a year. The aggrieved said the officers leave the barracks in a group; they have no guns, but, when out of surveillance, they dismount at a little cottage, close to my wood, take the guns, left there for the purpose, and quietly enjoy a day's shooting at my expense. The farmer was going on very indignantly with his accusations, when the advocate appointed to defend the officers nudged the judge, who was busily employed in writing a letter during the proceedings. "Do you hear the language of the plaintiff? He is actually insulting the Imperial Guard!" The judge started—he did not even listen—but, after severely reprimanding the farmer, dismissed the case abruptly.

A Lady loses a Rich Husband through a Photographer.

A young lady, Lucile M—, has just brought an action for 12,000 francs damages against a photographer of the Boulevard, for the loss of a noble Russian suitor, who broke off on finding her portrait in a servant's garret. The portrait was proved to have been bought at Brussels as a specimen of graceful beauty, for 200 francs, and subsequently found its way to the abode in question. No proof was forthcoming of the Muscovite's reality or identity, and the photographer having shown his utter unconsciousness of the sale in Brussels, the lady took nothing by the trial save some notoriety. By French law, a photographer has no right to part with a duplicate of his sitting effigy.

Fatal Influence of certain Jewels.

Opals may be had at this moment in Paris at less than half the usual value. This is said to be owing to the impression which has got abroad, and which has come from Russia, that it is a *pietre de malheur*! carrying misfortune to those who wear it. The Empress is even said to have joined in this wild superstition, and forewarned the wearing of the beautiful pearls of this stone she had just formed from the re-setting of several others.

GENERAL JAMES NYE, METROPOLITAN POLICE COMMISSIONER.

We know of no man who has grown more rapidly and steadily in public estimation than Gen. James Nye. It is not four years since he came to New York, and in that time he has established a political and business reputation not often meted out to those who have exhausted a long life of continued industry in our busy thoroughfares. This is the reward, no doubt, of tact on the part of the General, for he has the happy faculty of presenting himself before the public in the best possible manner—always succeeds, even with his opponents—and, as a foundation of all his qualities, has an untiring industry and a self-possession that never deserts him. His name has been more particularly brought before the New York community by his connection with the Police Commissioners. In that body he has borne the brunt of leader of "the opposition;" and although he has from time to time had opposed to him the shrewdest intellects, the General has never lost his temper, and we are not aware that he has been in any one instance "caught napping." We give this evidence of his sagacity as an act of justice, from the fact that he is almost the only one of the "Republican leaders" in power that has displayed any real administrative ability.

Gen. Nye was born June 10th, 1815, in Depeyster, Madison county, State of New York. His youthful days were spent on a farm, where he undoubtedly laid the foundation of that health which he now seems to enjoy. Selecting the law as a profession, he was admitted to the bar in 1839, and commenced business in Hamilton, Madison county. He rose rapidly in his profession; he became Surrogate and Judge of Onondaga county. Until the nomination of Col. Fremont, Gen. Nye was an acknowledged leader of the Democratic party; but upon the organization of the Republican party, he at once enlisted, and may be justly esteemed, so far as the Empire State is concerned, one of its most useful and practised leaders. He is one of the best "stump speakers" north of Mason and Dixon's Line, and the novelty of his manner, the force of his illustrations and his sterling good sense secure for him always an attentive audience. Although identified with the Republicans, he still claims to be a Jeffersonian Democrat. There cannot be a doubt but that in the mutation of politics and the changes that are going on, that Gen. Nye is destined at some future day to occupy a prominent position.



GENERAL JAMES NYE.

FREEMAN HUNT.

MR. HUNT, widely known as editor and proprietor of the magazine bearing his name, was in many respects deservedly ranked among the most successful publishers in the city. Without doubt his magazine was more widely known in Europe than any other periodical publication. The labor, tact and ability combined to bring about such a result marked a man of no ordinary character.

Mr. Hunt was pre-eminently a self-made man. He originated and executed the plans which have given him a reputation as a writer upon commercial affairs, and which redounded to his success in material prosperity. He was born in Quincy, Mass., March 21st, 1804, and was consequently fifty-four years of age at the time of his death. His father, Nathan Hunt, a shipmaster, died when Freeman was but three years of age. His ancestors on both sides were among the early inhabitants of the colony. His educational advantages in youth were limited to a few years' instruction in the country school, and at the age of twelve, he left his home for Boston, and entered the office of the *Boston Evening Gazette*, in a position of general usefulness; among his duties was that of serving subscribers with the paper. Soon after, he apprenticed himself to the printing business. Subsequently, he went to Springfield, Mass., where he continued his labors as a compositor; but, desiring a larger field to satisfy his

ambition, he returned to Boston, and became connected with the *Boston Traveller*. While here as a compositor, he sent several articles to the editor, which were published; and, inquiry being made as to their authorship, he confessed their source. Thereafter he rose in the establishment until he attained a respectable position. He first became a publisher soon after his apprenticeship expired, by establishing the "Ladies' Magazine." Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, who had just brought out her first novel, was by him selected as editor. The magazine succeeded, and the success determined him to enlarge the scope of his labors. He subsequently became connected with the *Bewick Company*, an association of authors, artists, printers and bookbinders, as the managing director. Being without capital, it required first-rate financial ability to enable the association to carry out their object; but Mr. Hunt was equal to the task, and it was not until he left the company that it failed. It was during this time that he published the "American Magazine of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge," the editorial department of which he conducted until he ceased his connection with the company. He also published in Boston, in connection with a Mr. Putnam, the "Juvenile Miscellany," which went through several volumes before it passed into other hands. He collated, also, two volumes of "American Anecdotes," which met with a large sale.

In 1831 he removed to New York, and soon after established a weekly paper called *The Traveller*. During this time he published a "Comprehensive Atlas," which he brought out in 1834. Subsequently, a series of letters written to the *Boston Press* were published in a small volume entitled, "Letters About the Hudson." The volume met with a ready sale, and passed through three editions.

In 1837 he conceived the project of the *Merchants' Magazine*, the details of which he fully elaborated during subsequent months, when he commenced canvassing for its support. In July, 1839, the first number was printed; his means being exhausted, the Hon. Jas. M. Stevenson, of Troy, loaned him three hundred dollars to pay the expenses of its publication. On the delivery of the first number he collected the subscriptions, since which event Mr. Hunt continued to increase in prosperity until his death. The *Merchants' Magazine* has passed through nineteen years, and reached its thirty-eighth volume with a steady increasing subscription; it is taken by commercial men in all parts of the world.

Mr. Hunt was thrice married. His first wife lived but ten months after marriage. Four children were born of the second marriage, three of whom are deceased—the eldest, John Frederick S. Hunt, about a year since. A daughter of fifteen years is the only one of the four living. His third wife, who survives him, is the daughter of the Honorable William Parmenter, of East Cambridge, Massachusetts. A young son is the only issue of his third marriage. We are happy to learn that the magazine will be continued.



FREEMAN HUNT, ESQ., DECEASED.

THE EARL OF MULGRAVE.

THE Right Hon. George Augustus Constantine Phipps, Earl of Mulgrave, has been recently appointed Governor of Nova Scotia, and will of course make a better chief magistrate of the "colonial possession" than if he were a plain citizen, and one of the native "blue noses," identified with the interests of the country in which he is to reside, and necessarily interested in its prosperity. An English paper, announcing his appointment, says that the noble lord has been for many years a professor of that notable Parliamentary science technically denominated "whipping in." Attached to successive liberal Governments by means of an office in the royal household, and occupying, with the exception of a short interval, a very quiet and pleasant seat in Parliament, Lord Mulgrave has devoted himself with great success to the onerous and trying duty of holding in hand, on all occasions and at all hours, a sufficient number of members of the House of Commons to assist and support the Ministry at the critical moment of a division. In such a microcosm as the House of Commons, the management of men, their tempers and their peculiarities, must of necessity require some variety in the agents who undertake to deal with them. This duty was admirably performed by Lord Mulgrave, who, attempting no graces or blandishments, accomplished his purpose by the very directness of his way. Although a comparatively young man (he was born in 1819), he gives you the idea of one who has grown old in council. The eldest son of the Marquis of Normanby, he has not one personal, and, as far as one can judge, none of the peculiar mental qualities of his father. The Marquis is, or has been, tall, dark, of a graceful figure, with a profusion of curling hair, and with a tone of dandyism about him which is not inconsistent with his character of novelist and amateur actor, however it might seem to clash with his qualifications of statesman and diplomatist. On the contrary, Lord Mulgrave is scarcely above the middle stature, heavy in build, fair-haired, and with a decided tendency to baldness; while his dress is modelled more on the plan of that of a country gentleman than of one beloved of the tailors of Bond street; and if ever one gave you a notion of a plain, practical man, it is he.

SCENES IN INDIA.

Method of Watering the Streets of Calcutta.

Those who have visited a tropical country can readily understand that in a large city like Calcutta, where there is much street traffic, the dust is an intolerable nuisance. During the prevalence of hot winds in the months of July and August, clouds of dust may be seen careering high into the air, and quite obstructing, by their density, the view of surrounding objects, covering every article of furniture in the houses, to which it has free ingress through the open Venetians, and finding its way into drawers, boxes, pianos; indeed, nothing escapes from the unwelcome intrusion, and it requires the utmost vigilance of your sirdar-bearer to keep the place even tolerably free from it.

Early in the morning a large concourse of bhisties, or water-carriers, may be seen at the large reservoir in Tank square, busily engaged, knee-deep in the water, filling their mussocks, or water-bags. The mussock is a perfect sheepskin, tanned and sewn water-tight, the portions which covered the legs serving as straps to suspend it by, and the neck forming the mouth or spout. Our engraving represents a company of these bhisties, with their



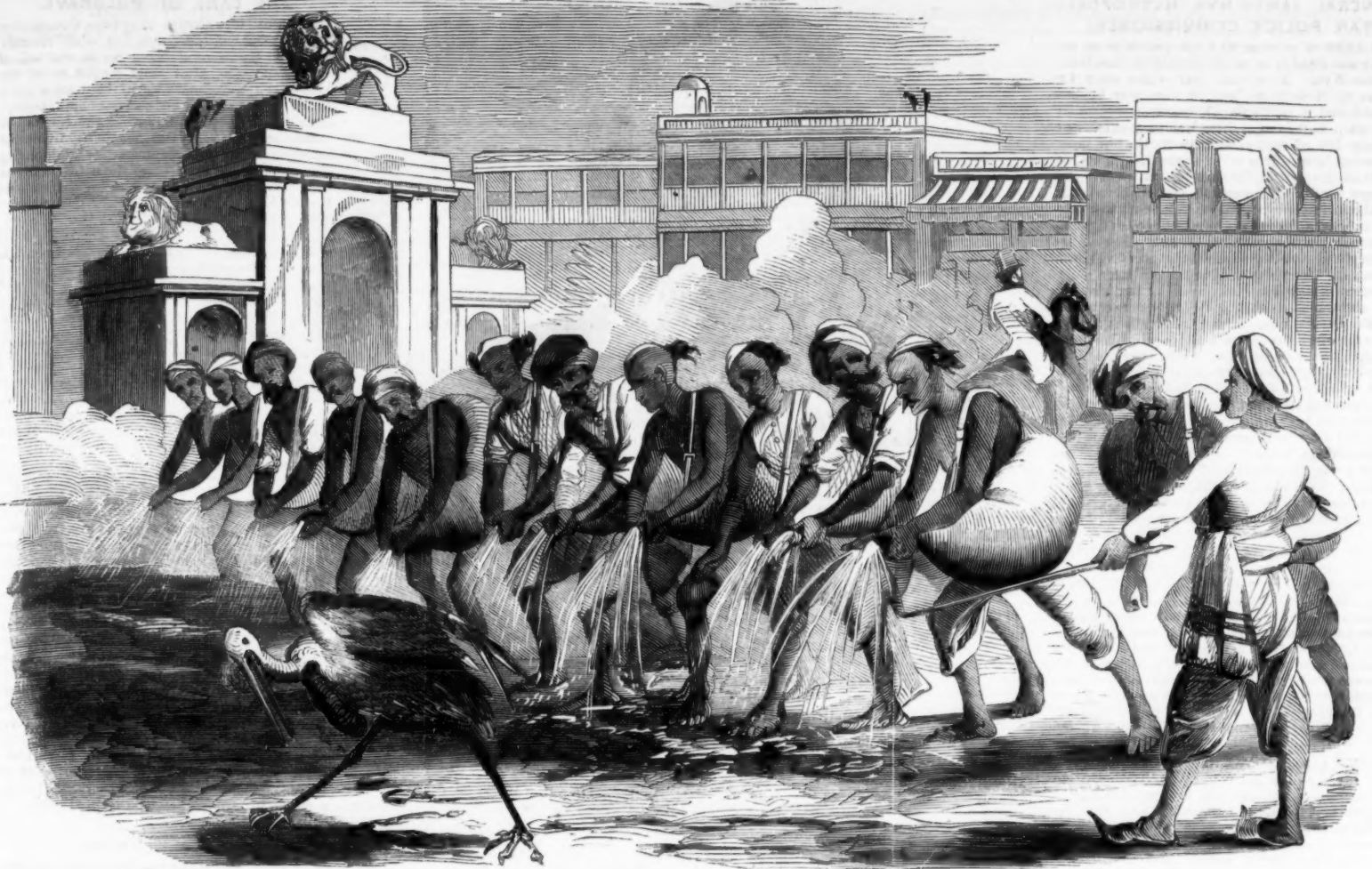
THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE AUGUSTUS PHIPPS, EARL OF MULGRAVE. RECENTLY APPOINTED GOVERNOR OF NOVA SCOTIA, N. A.

mussocks, watering the streets and roads in the European part of the town. Under the orders of their sirdar, they march in rows, as seen in the engraving, and for a time considerably lessen the evil referred to. Were it not, however, for unceasing application of the water during the day, the immense evaporating power of the sun and wind would soon render these efforts ineffectual. As inefficient as this primitive mode undoubtedly is, it would be almost impossible to introduce a better, so prejudiced are the native inhabitants of India against all innovations.

Disembarkation of Elephants.

The disembarkation of horses from ships to the shore is quite familiar to the imagination, if not to the eyes of most of our readers. It is not a difficult matter to imagine that sailors can soon rig up "fixins" to hoist a horse from a ship to terra firma, but when the labor to be performed requires the raising into the air a huge elephant, it is quite a different matter.

Two cargoes of elephants were recently landed at Calcutta, including some fifty animals. The disembarkation took place at the government dockyard, about half a mile below Fort William; among the spectators were the Governor-General of

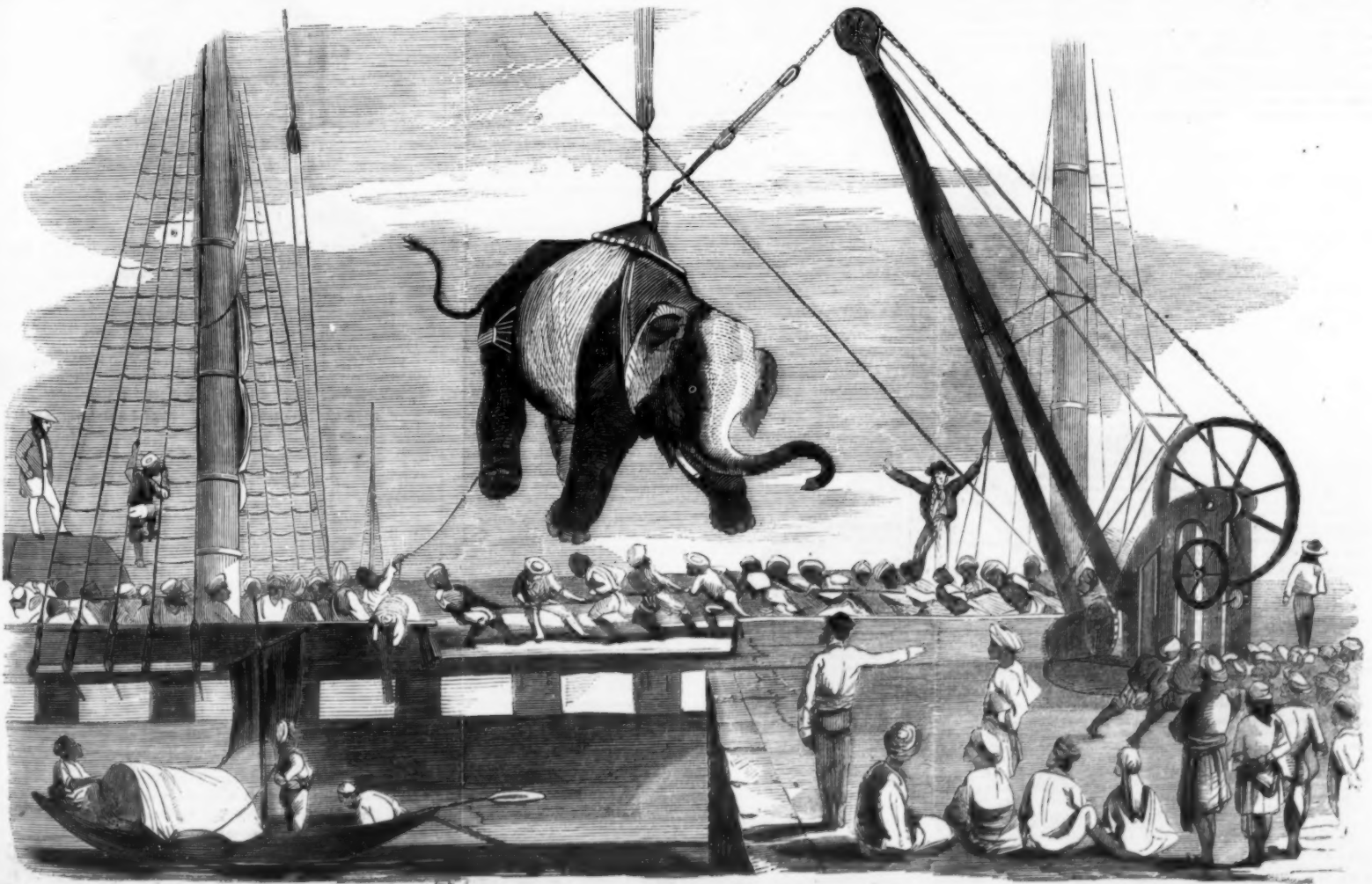


MODE OF WATERING THE STREETS OF CALCUTTA, INDIA.

India, Lady Canning, and many other government officials. Each elephant on board the ship had a mahout or driver, and a coolie for feeding and cleaning him. To these men they had become more than usually attached while on the ship. The elephant's mahout, assisted by the sailors, arranged a strong canvas sling, or girth, edged with strong rope, round the animal's carcase, and the tackle being adjusted, the huge fellow was slowly raised off his feet, and the ascent was commenced. One of the largest was said to weigh three tons two and a half hundred. There was no opposition to the process of hoisting on the part of the animals, with one or two exceptions; indeed, for the most part they appeared anxious each to have his turn as soon as possible, for they had sagacity enough to understand it was the means of quitting the ship, as it had been the means of bringing them into it. There was great excitement among the crowd on shore when the boatswain's whistle was heard directing the sailors at the capstan to hoist away, and as the falls or

hoisting ropes, which were connected with the main and mizen masts of the ship, became strained and tightened, presently the rough, inert-looking mass of the animal's spine and back was seen above the deck; then part of the head, with which the animal from time to time prevented himself from being struck against the sides of the hatchway as he swung round on either side; the small sluggish eye, which seemed to be calmly surveying the surrounding scene; the active proboscis, forming by its constant movements a remarkable contrast with the rest of the passive frame; and, finally, after the crane tackle had been connected, the whole creature came into view, dangling in the air, and suspended by a couple of ropes which, seemed like mere chreads compared with the size of the animals which depended from them. He was then swung over the bulwarks, and lowered into the barge alongside. It was amusing to observe the quiet way in which the animal avoided the blow when his feet or legs were likely to strike against the side of the ship, and the

way in which he assisted in taking the strain off the ropes, and raising himself when being passed over the bulwarks to make his descent into the lighter. As soon as the elephant was in the lighter, the mahout, who had got down before him, at once jumped on his neck, and the animal immediately yielded himself to the direction of his accustomed master. Sometimes he would appear a little nervous, putting his trunk into the water to try its depth, with a view, perhaps, to ascertain if it were possible to walk ashore; but generally he began turning over some of the fresh grass placed in the bottom of the boat to divert his attention, and remained quiet until the boat was brought as near the ground of the dockyard as possible. Then, at a signal from the mahout, after again leaning over and carefully testing the depth of water with his proboscis, he slowly raised one huge foot over the boat's side, then the other, and in a few minutes he was on his way to the place where the rest of his companions were picketed.



EMBARKATION OF ELEPHANTS AT CALCUTTA, INDIA.

All the elephants were of large size, and in excellent condition. While on board ship they were fed on rations of rice, with an allowance of green fodder, a large proportion of which consisted of the stems and leaves of an immense species of pineapple found wild at Burmah. After landing, the flies in the dockyard annoyed them greatly. Looking at their tough hides, it was not easy to understand how such a surface could be so sensitive. The plan they adopted to rid themselves of the annoyance consisted in the gathering up in the hollow extremity of the proboscis a quantity of dust and small gravel, which was either thrown over the head so as to fall in a shower along the back, or projected with force between the fore legs, so as to sweep away the intruders from the skin beneath. The captain of the ship brought a young elephant, between four and five years old, and about the size of a pony, as a private speculation. It lived on the upper deck, near the captain's cabin, and was remarkably tame. Four hundred rupees, or forty pounds sterling, was the price of this animal. These elephants are especially wanted for carrying commissariat stores. They can carry an enormous weight, and can go in places where a cart cannot move. One elephant takes with ease on his back two large soldiers' tents complete, each made of double cloth, and capable of accommodating sixteen men, and can march at the rate of four miles an hour with his load. The driver, sitting on his neck, guides and urges him on by means of a short iron instrument, pointed at the end, with which he pricks him about the head, and having a small sickle-like projection at the side, which is inserted into the pendulous flap of the ear, and serves to turn him to either side as occasion requires. The ears and certain parts of the head are alone sensitive to the goad of the mahout: musket bullets glance off the thick hide of the body, and even the conical rifle bullet frequently fails to penetrate its substance.

MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA, FOURTEENTH STREET.—The "Huguenots," which was so magnificently produced last week, has been performed each evening of the present week with good success. A return to the old prices was deemed necessary, and was found to work advantageously; although, we must say, in justice to the management, that never was a resort to higher prices more justifiable than in the present case. The large promises of magnificence and perfection were fully borne out, for no opera was ever so superbly brought out as Meyerbeer's "Huguenots" at the Academy of Music, under the management of Mr. Ullman. He should have been supported in his liberal expenditure for the gratification of the public. The tax of half a dollar more was, after all, a trifle, and should have been willingly given when so much was given in return. We trust, however, that the receipts, if they do not yield a profit, will, at least, cover the outlay, and leave things square.

The next opera to be produced is Mr. W. H. Fry's "Leonora." Great preparations are being made for the arrival of Musard and his fine solo performers. The series of entertainments under his direction will be most brilliant and attractive.

DRAMA.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE.—This delightful place of amusement keeps up its character for superior excellence, and enjoys a large share of public patronage. The visit of the Turkish Admiral last week attracted an overflowing house, and the distinguished foreigner and suite seemed to be highly delighted, especially with the superb acting of the charming Laura Keene. Some important additions have been made to the strength of the company, which is now the most complete in the city.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—The enterprising and never-tiring management of the Museum has produced another great sensation piece, which promises to equal in its success the extraordinary popularity of "The Pioneer Patriot; or, the Maid of the War Path." It is spoken of as a most brilliant production, full of startling incidents and interesting situations, and appealing as strongly to our sentiments and feelings. Our friends would do well to visit the Museum during the ensuing week.

WOOD'S BUILDING.—The two funny Dromios of Niggedom, George Christy and George Holland, hold their nightly levees of fun and laughter at Wood's beautiful new building. We need hardly say more; the names guarantee the superior excellence of the performance.

FOREIGN MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC ITEMS.

LABLACHE has left a fortune, it is said, of 600,000 ducats. Complaints are made by the opera managers at Constantinople of the difficulty of pleasing the Turks. Neither Italian, German, nor French music suits them. On the other hand, the dances enjoy the most distinguished favor.

The great musical success of the season at St. Petersburg is "Don Giovanni," with Madame Della Santa, Madame Bosio, Tamberlik, Marini and Evaradi in the chief characters.

The director-general of the royal theatres at Berlin has just come to a decision that the ballet dancers shall, for the future, wear trousers, and lengthen their dresses four inches.

CHESS.

Answers to Correspondents.

All communications intended for the Chess department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

Friends, Problem 116 was faulty; that's all. Want of space still compels us to postpone answers to many correspondents. None will be forgotten.

We acknowledge from correspondents the different solutions received as follows: Of CXII, by Dr. C. C. Moore, wrong; of CXIII, by Dunedin, C. Kerr, of Manayunk; J. H. M. E. H. A. of Auburn; and Dr. R. of Philadelphia, correct, but different from the author's. Of CXIV, by E. A. B. A. Leslie Reader, of Toledo; Alexis, of Chicago; Dunedin, C. Kerr, of Manayunk; E. H. A. of Auburn; and J. R. Solover, correct. Of CXV, by Dr. R. Dunedin, A. J. Hamilton, B. F. White, E. A. B. Dr. C. C. Moore, E. H. A. and Critic, correctly given. On problem CXVI, G. W. B. of Waterbury; Isidor, W. H. M. of Charleston; B. F. White, F. E. Rangor, and Unclassified, are informed that we acknowledge the flaw. We also acknowledge correct solutions of 113 and 114 by W. H. M. The Bangor Chess Club, Morris County, J. H. Westcott, M. D., and L. P. C., have done justice to 114 as well. Just received a correct solution of 117 by Dr. R. of Philadelphia.

J. R. BURNET, Livingston, N. J.—Please not to construe our silence for neglect. Necessity often compels us to defer our answers. The mode of taking on answers refers to Pawns only, commanding the squares in question. Staunton's Chess Player's Handbook would give you all information desired. The peculiarity referred to is incorrect, inasmuch that it is not practised in these modern days. A Pawn pushed to the "royal line" can be exchanged for any piece, even if all the others remained on the board. We admit that the German notation is better than ours; it is more simple and comprehensive. We will adopt it in time. If the problem contained in your last is correct we will endeavor to give you its solution.

ISIDOR, St. Anthony, Minnesota.—Problem received and examined. Too obvious for publication. Let not this dampen your zeal for this interesting branch of Chess. At it again.

WINFIELD SMITH, Milwaukee.—If we have deferred our reply, it was because we had it in contemplation to write by mail (which we will do yet), and give you a report of our proceedings concerning the Chessmen spoken of. A voluminous correspondence, consisting of games, problems and other matter on hand connected with Chess, precluded our possibility of writing to you. Let it be understood as well that we have but few evenings of the week at our disposal. Accept our sincere thanks for the two games received. Placed on file for publication. We congratulate you on the success of your Club.

W. B. M., Charlestown, Mass.—We endeavor to encourage all students. O course, there is a difference.

SAGAMORE, Lynn.—Will hear, or perhaps has already heard from us.

G. E. PERKINS, Bangor, Me.—Good pluck for the Bangor Chess Club! Our New York players would wish for nothing better than to "break a friendly lance" with your "valiant knights." O divine Calissa, how fast thy votaries are increasing!

JOHN DE KERN, Philadelphia.—Read our last notice of the Chess Monthly in answer to the first issue of your letter. It was first issued in January, 1887. We believe that the back numbers can be procured by applying as above. You must be in error as regards the "Chess Congress." It held its first sessions in October last. Be kind enough as to explain concerning the circular, unless it should be that of the "Chess Congress Fictive."

INCORRIGIBLE, Boston.—You are leaning on the right side. Come, men and women, we must be aware that our correspondents are continually sending. How can we, then, designate any definite period unless we should have one on hand? The number of your "box" is ever on file. We may have the time to pen a few lines one of these days.

L. P. C., Baltimore.—Perhaps you are correct; nevertheless, we have seen problems which were not difficult, yet pretty enough to warrant their publication. Your last is an improvement, but the idea is not original. As we suppose you to be a good-natured fellow, from the tenor of your notes, we will suppose you to try it again, if we have "licked 'em up like salt," as you sportively express it. Your letters are indeed amusing.

O. J. S., Concord, Me.—Staunton's Chess Players' Handbook; it can be procured at Bangs Brothers, 17 Park row, New York.

G. W. B., Waterbury.—We may amen to the last clause of your letter, dated the 2d.

J. R. SELOVER, Frazeburgh.—A self mate is altogether the opposite from ordinary problems; while actually compels Black to take certain moves and mate him (White) in a given number of coups.

E. H. A., Auburn.—No, therefore you are correct; a good problem has but one solution, with this exception, however, that it occasionally varies according to Black's method of defence.

F. E. RANGOR.—Let us see what you can do in this line; send us a specimen game for our edification.

A. J. HAMILTON, Kewanee.—By all means, send it along. We will endeavor to give you its solution.

J. H. M., Canastota, N. Y.—We publish No. 6 this week; the others are still under consideration—"Crus" and all.

J. D., Portland, Me.—Excuse our delay; we will report in our next issue. Solution of 113 correct.

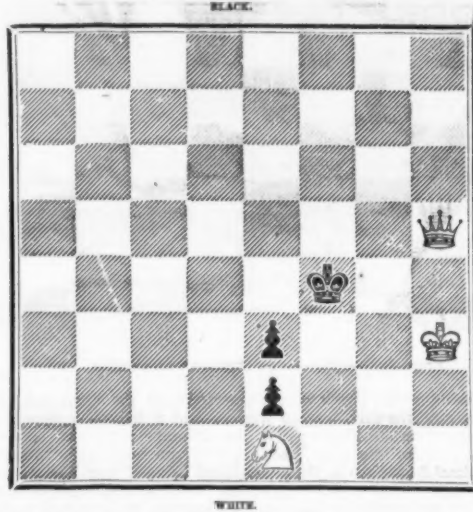
LEWIS JONES, U. S. A.—Is cordially thanked for his kind remembrance of the game with its pretty termination is indeed accepted. Will soon grace our columns.

DR. R., Philadelphia.—We are pained, Doctor, that you misinterpret our sentiments; want of space alone has been the obstacle. What could we see in your ever courteous notes to ruffle our temper? Patience, now am.

ATKIN, Boston.—Read this Chess column for our excuse. Solutions of 112 and 115 correct. Good. Keep us posted up on Boston "doings."

J. H. G., Jr.—We apologise for our tardy answer; we have on hand correspondence enough to fill three columns. Upon a careful examination of the game received we find its leading features too weak for publication. Can you not favor us with a stronger and more interesting party?

PROBLEM CXVIII.—By S. LOYD, of New York.—White to play and mate in four moves.



GAME CXVII.—(SCOTCH GAMBIT).—Between Mr. PAUL MORPHY and Mr. HIRSH KENNICOTT, of West Wheeling, Illinois. (From the March No. of the Chess Monthly.)

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1 P to K4	P to K4	13 B to K Kt 6	Q to K sq
2 Kt to KB3	Kt to QB3	14 P to KB4	K to Kt 2
3 P to Q4	P to K5	15 P to KB5	P to P (b)
4 KB to QB4	KB to QB4	16 Q to KB	R to K Kt 3
5 Kt to K Kt 5	Kt to K R 5	17 B to KB6 (ch)	K to Kt sq
6 Kt to K Kt 5	Kt to K R 5	18 Q to KB4	B to K R 6
7 B to Kt 5 (ch)	Kt to Kt 5	19 B to K Kt 5	Q to K 6 (ch) (c)
8 Q to K R 5 (ch)	P to K Kt 3	20 Q to K 5	P to K 5
9 Q to B	P to Q 3	21 P to K 5	P to K 5 (ch)
10 Q to Q Kt 5	R to K sq	22 K to R sq	P to K 7
11 Castles (a)	R to K 5	23 R to K sq	Kt to Q 5
12 Q to her 5 (ch)	R to K 3	24 Kt to Q R 3 (d)	Q R to K sq

And wins.

NOTES TO GAME CXVII.
(a) This is unquestionably the best move at White's command. The attack consequent upon its adoption is not as familiar to American players, we believe, as some others springing from the different variations of the same opening, and we are therefore induced to lay the present game before our readers.

(b) 16 P to KB6 (ch) If 15 R to K4
17 P to B7 16 K to R (best),

and Black cannot save the game.

(c) The winning move, forcing an exchange of Queens and Bishops, and enabling Black to preserve his Pawn and the better position.

(d) If 24 Kt to R B 3 Q R to K sq (best)
25 Q R to K Kt 5 (best) R to K Kt 5 (best)
26 R to K 5 (best) R to K Kt 5 (best)
27 R to K sq (best) R to K Kt 5 (best)

and play as White may, Black wins the exchange, and, consequently, the game. The above variation is very instructive, and shows the great accuracy with which end games must be conducted.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM CXVII.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 Kt to Q 4	P moves
2 Kt to Q Kt 2	P moves
3 Kt to Q R 4	P moves
4 R to P 4	P moves
5 P to P 4, and mates.	

Books Burnt.

Arnobius alludes to the burning of the books of Christians by the Pagans. He speaks in general terms of the suppression and destruction of Christian books. Under the Roman Emperor Valens all books of magic were diligently sought after and burnt. This appears to have been in consequence of the offence committed by the "table-turning" philosophers. To this circumstance allusion is made in those laws of the Theodosian code which were at that time published. Baronius says that the use of books of magic was formerly forbidden both among the Greeks and Romans; and that the ancient practice was to burn them as well as other books of a dangerous tendency. The same author says that the library at Constantinople, when burnt under Zeno (not by Leo I. of Rome, as has been said) contained above 12,000 volumes; among which was a MS. 120 feet long, containing the "Iliad," "Odyssey," and other poems, written in letters of gold upon the intestine of a dragon!

A Post Office on Board Ship.

By means of a post office, the first that has been established on board ship, the letters and newspapers brought by the royal mail steamer Teviot were completely sorted by the time she arrived at the Needles. About 250,000 Australian letters and newspapers were shipped at Alexandria. Those had to be taken from the boxes in which they were enclosed and sorted into towns and lines of country, then tied up in bundles and replaced in bags or boxes. The letters for London had to be sorted into postal districts. The whole of this labor was accomplished by Mr. Nash, of the Metropolitan Post Office, and an assistant; 10,000 letters were sorted by the time the Teviot reached Malta, and sent via Marseilles. The post office on board the Teviot is on deck. The letters for Hampshire, Dorsetshire and Wilts were despatched to their destinations from Southampton on the night of the Teviot's arrival there. The rest were sent to London.

Nature is Eternal.

Nature has no idle dust at all. She finds the dead where we have laid them, and transfigures the crumbling forms into shapes of life and beauty. The grave by whose side we weep, and mourn, may be without a tenant, for the tree that bends over us, that the wind and the summer woo, may have had use for the empty chrysalis; and the bird that rustled out of its green depths of shade with a song, bear away upon its wing gleams and glimmers of the beauty we have shed. Who shall say the blue violets that sprinkle the field of Inkerman did not catch their tint from the many eyes that closed for ever there? Who shall say the leaves the rose-tree sheds upon the tomb do not share the beauty of the cheek we used to press?

A COLUMN OF GOLD.

"I LOVE to look upon a young man. There is a hidden potency concealed within his breast which charms and pains me."

The daughter of a clergyman happening to find the above sentence at the close of a piece of her father's manuscript, as he had left it in his study, sat down and added:

"Them's my sentiments exactly, papa—all but the pains."

"SALLY JONES, have you done that sum I set you?"

"No, thir, I can't do it."

"Can't do it? I am ashamed of you. Why, at your age I could do any sum you set me."

"I think thir, I know a thum you can't thirer out."

"Ha! Well, Sally, let's hear and we will see."

"It's thir thir, thir: If one apple caught the ruin of the whole human race, how many thum will it take to make a barrel of thirer thirer?"

"Miss Sally Jones, you may turn to your parsing lesson."

The other day a Jerseyman was observed standing in Wall street, gazing very earnestly at one of those hairless Chinese canines which are so much admired by dog connoisseurs. Near Jersey was a rampant crowd of brokers. Jersey looked at them and then at the "dog."

"I say, mister," said he, speaking to a gorgeously robed bull, whose hands were filled with "stock lists," "I say, does that dog belong to you?"

Bull nodded distantly.

"Yass—well I thir so."

"What made you think that 'dog' belonged to me?"

"Wall, I wasn't so adactly sure he belonged to you, but I was certin the dog had deals with you or some of your friends."

"Why so?" said bull, getting excited.

"Cause he's so close shav'd—there ain't a hair on 'im."

Broker walked away, whistling the Rogue's March.

THE SUMMER OF THE HEART.

I saw her with a rosy wreath
Of wild flowers fresh and gay;
I heard her sing in dulcet strains
Her simple merry lay.

Oh, why that garland fresh and fair,
And why those notes so sweet,
And why that smile, and beaming glance
A wanderer to greet?

Her sky of life was once clear blue,
No storm-cloud flitted by;
She'd yet to learn what ploughs the cheek,
And what bedims the eye;

She'd yet to mourn that season bright
Which comes but to depart,
And having left us comes no more—
The summer of the heart.

A JUSTICE of peace, seeing a parson on a very stately horse, riding between London and Hampstead, said to some gentlemen who were with him, "Do you see what a beautiful horse that proud parson has got? I'll banter him a little. Doctor," said he, "you don't follow the example of your great Master, who was humbly content to ride upon an ass."

"Why really, sir," replied the parson, "the King has made so many asses justices, that an honest clergyman can hardly find one to ride if he had a mind to it."

While our army was in Mexico, General T— was walking in the plaza at Tampico, when a Mexican offered to sell him a fine Mustang pony, which the General, who has a keen eye for horses, was desirous of purchasing; but as the owner was ignorant of English, and the General's Spanish did not extend beyond it and came, they made slow progress towards a trade. The General called an orderly to him, a genuine Irishman, and asked:

"Orderly, do you speak Spanish?"

"Niver a word, sur."

"Then go and find me some one that does."

Off went the orderly, and soon returned, dragging after him a full-blooded and thoroughly-frightened Mexican.

"What are you doing with that man?" demanded the General; "what has he done?"

"He has done nothing an' I know of, sur."

"Then why do you bring him here?"

"An' wasn't it a man to speak Spanish that the General would have me bring wid me?"

"Certainly it was."

"Well, thir, I thought him the very man for your honor, for I am sure he can speak nothin' but Spanish at all, at all."

The General was obliged to admit that the orderly had obeyed orders to the letter, but it was no he p in buying the Mustang.

SAMBO ON WOMEN.—"Dey may rail against women as much as dey like, dey can't set me up against dem. I hab always in my life found dem to be bust in lub, bust in a quarrel, bust in de dance, bust in de ice-cream saloon, and de fust, best and de last in de sick room. What would we poor debiles do widout dem? Let us be born as young, as ugly and as helpless as we please, and a woman's arm an open to receive us. She am it who gubs us our fust dose of castor oil, and puis close 'pon our helplessly naked limbs, and cubbers up our foots and toes in long flannel petticoats; and it am she, as we grow up, fills our dinner-basket wid doughnuts and apples, as we start to school, and licks us when we tears our trousers."

SONG.

I wandered by the ocean strand,
At eve of summer day;
I watched the waves roll o'er the sand,
As if in amorous play.

They heaved and swelled in sunny pride,
And kissed the golden plain,
Then, sinking on its breast, they sighed,
And seaward ebb'd again;

Al! thus o'er the shore, thou weak, fond heart,
The waves of passion rise,
Tumultuous joys that soon depart,
And leaves me but their sighs.

The ebbing waters left the shore,
But all that golden strand,
The traces of the billows bore
That kissed and shook its sand.

New waves will come at flow of tide,
Those fickle sands to lave,
And kiss away, wherever they glide,
Each mark of evening wave.

"Tis thus our passions leave their trace,
When short-lived joys depart;
But ah! what time shall e'er erase
Their traces from the heart?"

A CLERGYMAN was endeavoring to instruct one of his Sunday scholars, a ploughboy, on the nature of a miracle.

"Now, my boy," said he, "suppose you were to see the sun rising in the middle of the night, what should you call that?"

"The mune, please sur."

"No; but," said the clergyman, "suppose you knew that it was not the moon, but the sun, and that you saw it actually rise in the middle of the night, what should you think?"

"Please, sur, I should think it was time to get up."

"You flatter me," said a thin exquisite the other day, to a young lady who was praising the beauty of his moustache. "For Heaven's sake, ma'am," interposed an old skipper, "don't make that monkey any flatter than he is now."

THE MORE AND THE BEAM.—"John," said a clergyman to one of his flock, "you should become a testataller—you have been drinking again to-day."

"Do you ever take a wee drop yourself, sir?" inquired John.

"Ah, but John, you must look at your circumstances and mine."

"Varra true," quoth John; "but, sir, can you tell me how the streets of Jerusalem were kept so clean?"

"No, John, I cannot tell you that."

"Well, sir, it was just because every one kept his own door clean!" replied John, with an air of triumph.

The Scotch parson looked as if he fully acknowledged the cori, and vanned John was never catechised after that about drinking by his worthy pastor.

A REMINISCENCE.

Loving, laughing, wilful Kate!
Jesting, one bright eve we sat;
She had rwd she'd not sit by me,
And had made believe to fly me;

But at her first light bound a curl—
A fragrant, glorious curl—I caught,
And so, with many a rustling twirl
Back my lovely captive brought.

Loving, arch, provoking Kate!
For her curl prayed, where we sat;
And when I, for forfeit, kiss'd her,
Threaten'd straight to call—her sister!

But when her light and laughing cries
Disturb'd her mother's twilight doze,
With down-bent, mischief-brightened eyes,
Said—'d nearly crush'd her toes!

Mr. G., who has a very ugly wife, named Euphemia, was asked lately why his spouse was the image of himself—and, to his great annoyance, discovered that it was his *Ejje-G*.

Why is a female of the canine species, sucking her wheelpa, like a philosophic principle? Because she is a dogma (*dog-ma*).

What part of a horse's foot is like an iron governor? It's the *pastern* (*pas-tern*).

Why is the march of a funeral procession like a turnpike? Because it's a toll-paid (*tolled*).

Why is an Ivesite named William Solomons similar to a great public man?

Because he is a Jubilee (*Jee-Billy*).



Mr. Slingsby, as he paces the sands with a jaunty air, thinks that he is making a great sensation upon the "three lovely girls" at the hotel window.

DURING the Reign of Terror the mob got hold of the Abbé Maury, and resolved to sacrifice him.

"To the lamp-post with him!" was the universal cry.

The Abbé was in a bad fix with a mob for his judges—the tender mercies of a mob! With the utmost coolness he said to those who were dragging him along,

"Well, if you hang me to the lamp-post, will you see any clearer for it?"

This bright sally tickled his executioners and saved his life.

PRECEPT VERSUS PRACTICE.—On the morning of the day of the battle of Brandywine, Hunt, who was called the "High Priest" by the army (being seven feet), had scarcely commenced praying to his regiment, when the firing began at a distance, rendering brevity necessary. He therefore concluded with these words:

"Remember, brethren, that those who die in battle sup with the Lord," and then turned and marched off; when an officer said,

"Parson, are you not going to battle?"

"No, colonel," he replied, "I am not, for I never eat supper."

WONDERFUL BAD MEMORY.—A traveller on one of the Western steamboats, recently, was landed near his home, and as the boat was about to leave, he bawled out,

"Hallo, captain, there's something missing here!"

"What is it?" asked the captain.

"Hang me if I can recollect now," said the traveller; "let me see, here's all my trunks, boxes, two dogs, gun, and—oh, thunder! it's my wife and little gal, that are asleep in the cabin! I knew there was something missing!"



How Mr. Slingsby appears to the "three lovely girls," looking through the imperfect panes of glass in the hotel window.

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One of the delights attendant crossing the Park during a thaw in New York. De Whysskyville encounters that charming lady he was introduced to at the Charity Ball, but all his attempts to shine in small talk are effectually demolished by a whole tribe of crossing-sweepers—confound them! By Jove, it's too bad! The Police ought to interfere!

A SCOTTISH parson was betrayed into more puns than he meant to make, when he prayed for the council and parliament, that they might hang together in these trying times. A countryman standing by, cried out,

"Yes, with all my heart, and the sooner the better; it's the prayer of all good people."

"But, my friends," said the parson, "I don't mean as that fellow does; but I pray that they may all hang together in accord and concord."

"No matter what cord," the fellow sang out again, "so it's only a strong one."

A CERTAIN divine of Massachusetts, being called upon to offer prayer at a Masonic celebration, and not being initiated into the secrets of the institution, made use of the following form:

"O Lord! we have come to offer our prayer unto Thee, for what we know not. If it be for anything good, wilt Thou bless it! If it be for anything bad, wilt thou curse it!"

On being remonstrated with on account of the nature of this prayer by one of the fraternity, he replied:

"If you tap the barrel, you must take the cider as it runs."

A PERSON who was recently called in court for the purpose of proving the correctness of a doctor's bill, was asked by the lawyer whether the doctor did not make several visits after the patient was out of danger?

"No," replied the witness, "I considered the patient in danger as long as the doctor continued his visits!"

A boy at school in the West, when called on to recite his lesson in history, was asked,

"What is the German Diet?"

"Sauerkraut, hretzels, schnapps, blutwurst and lager-bier," was the reply.

MARRIAGEABLE young women are in great demand out West. A Yankee writing from that section, to his father, says: "Suppose you get our girls some new teeth and send them out."

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Cook—"What a very nice young man that was, Mary, that went up to Simpkins' room. He gave me such a hug, and said that he wished he had seen me before he was married. O lor! I wish he had."



The "very nice young man" takes himself off and everything he can lay hands on. Cook says she will never trust to appearances again.